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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Correspondence—Death of Archibald McIntyre,	561
1. The Waverley Novels,	<i>National Review,</i> 563
2. Recollections of Shelley and Byron,	<i>Westminster Review,</i> 580
3. Boswell—Early Life of Johnson,	<i>Quarterly Review,</i> 593
4. Projectile Weapons of War,	<i>Saturday Review,</i> 623
5. The French Alliance; its Character; Its Value; its Price,	<i>Economist,</i> 625
6. A Struggle for Life and Recognition,	<i>Chambers's Journal,</i> 631
7. Science and Art for March,	636
8. Eugene Beauharnais,	<i>Saturday Review,</i> 640

POETRY.—Rejoicing at Watt's Release, 592. For Mother's Sake, 592. My Friend, 622. Monterey, 622. Loyalty to the Union, 622.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Cry of Religion by the Irreligious, 579. Correspondence of Napoleon I., 591. A Backward Relation, 591. Milton against the Bishops, 591. Re-discoveries, 621. Falimpsests in Russia, 630. Sea-blue and Sea-green, 630. M. Quatremère's Library, 630. The "Simplicity of Youth," 635. Monument to Luther, 635. Children Quick Observers, 635. Judicial Dignity in Louisiana, 639. History of Chili, 639. Effect of Division of Labor on Art, 639.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

HERE are three leading articles of literary history and biography; from three different reviews; as various as possible in their style and subjects, yet all of great interest and value.

The *Waverley Novels* recall the first years of manhood, full of life and imagination, when we read them with a dear friend who has been many years in his grave, (Ah Robert!)—and the delightful article from the *Quarterly Review*, brings back the yet earlier days of solitary study, when we first lived, through Boswell's volumes, in the society which surrounded Dr. Johnson, and learned to reverence and love him. A love which deepens into more tenderness as we grow old.

More than thirty years ago we formed a friendship with Mr. McIntyre, and cherish an affectionate and grateful recollection of his enlarged mind and heart. The beautiful simplicity of his character endeared him to all who knew him.

DEATH OF ARCHIBALD MCINTYRE.—This venerable and highly respectable citizen died at an early hour yesterday morning at his residence in Clinton Square, in the 86th year of his age.

He had been for many years withdrawn from business, and sinking in the gradual decay of old age.

Mr. McIntyre was a native of Kenmore (Perthshire), Scotland, but came to this country before the Revolution, when but four years old. After remaining a short time at Albany, his family removed to Montgomery county, where Mr. McIntyre rose rapidly to wealth and social distinction. He was a Member of Assembly from Montgomery in 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801 and 1802. He again was in the Assembly in 1804.

In 1806, Mr. McIntyre was appointed Comptroller, an office which he held till 1821, when in consequence of his refusal to pay claims rendered by Gov. Tompkins, for services and disbursements during the war, which he contended were without sufficient vouchers, he was removed.

Time and the subsequent acknowledgment of the country, vindicated the claims of Tompkins; though the controversy and the accusations to which it gave rise, embittered the declining days of the patriotic Governor. Mr. Hammond concludes a review of this harsh controversy to which these disputed accounts gave rise, by saying that the advantage derived by the great personal popularity of Gov. Tompkins was nearly balanced by the universal confidence entertained by all parties, in the integrity and purity of the motives of Mr. McIntyre. In private life all men admired and loved him; and in the discharge of the duties of Comptroller for many years and under various administrations, he had afforded such proof of his fidelity to the state, that no man, even in those times, ventured to charge him with intentional error.

Mr. McIntyre was chosen to the Senate from the western district, in the heat of the controversy; but the re-construction of the Senate, by the constitution of 1821, put a period to his term in a few months. He was then elected for four years from the Fourth district, having changed his residence to Albany. On withdrawing from that body, he took charge of the state lotteries, in which, in partnership with John B. Yates, he amassed a fortune. With the expiration of his contract with the state the business of lotteries ceased.

He was Presidential elector for Montgomery county, in 1828, when the vote of the state was divided between Jackson and Adams, he voting for the latter; and was one of the electors who voted for Harrison in 1840.

He was a man of integrity, of method and exactness in business, and of great enterprise. Even in his latter years, when he might have been content with his ample fortune, he preferred to use his means for the development of the mineral resources of Northern New York. Time did not efface, even in his extreme old age, the characteristics of his Scottish nationality.—*Albany Argus*, May 6.

The Rev. Mr. Stockton's edition of the New Testament has now reached five pocket volumes: the four Evangelists, and the Acts.

NEW BOOKS.

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From The National Review.
THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

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It is not commonly on the generation which was contemporary with the production of great works of art, that they exercise their most magical influence. Nor is it on the distant people whom we call posterity. Contemporaries bring to new books, formed minds and stiffened creeds; posterity, if it regard them at all, looks at them as old subjects, worn-out topics, and hears a disputation on their merits with languid impartiality, like aged judges in a court of appeal. Even standard authors exercise but slender influence on the susceptible minds of a rising generation; they are become "papa's books;" the walls of the library are adorned with their regular volumes; but no hand touches them. Their fame is itself half an obstacle to their popularity; a delicate fancy shrinks from employing so great a celebrity as the companion of an idle hour. The generation which is really most influenced by a work of genius is commonly that which is still young when the first controversy respecting its merits arises; with the eagerness of youth they read and re-read; their vanity is not unwilling to adjudicate: in the process their imagination is formed; the creations of the author range themselves in the memory; they become a part of the substance of the very mind. The works of Sir Walter Scott can hardly be said to have gone through this exact process. Their immediate popularity was unbounded. No one—a few most captious critics apart—ever questioned their peculiar power. Still they are subject to a transition, which is in principle the same. At the time of their publication mature contemporaries read them with delight. Superficial the reading of

grown men in some sort must ever be; it is only once in a lifetime that we can know the passionate reading of youth; men soon lose its eager learning power. But from peculiarities in their structure, which we shall try to indicate, the novels of Scott suffered less than almost any book of equal excellence from this inevitable superficiality of perusal. Their plain, and, so to say, cheerful merits, suit the occupied man of genial middle life. Their appreciation was to an unusual degree coincident with their popularity. The next generation, hearing the praises of their fathers in their earliest reading time, seized with avidity on the volumes; and there is much in very many of them which is admirably fitted for the delight of boyhood. A third generation has now risen into at least the commencement of literary life, which is quite removed from the unbounded enthusiasm with which the Scotch novels were originally received, and does not always share the still more eager partiality of those who, in the opening of their minds, first received the tradition of their excellence. New books have arisen to compete with these; new interests distract us from them. The time, therefore is not perhaps unfavorable for a slight criticism of these celebrated fictions; and their continual republication without any criticism for many years seems almost to demand it.

There are two kinds of fiction which, though in common literature they may run very much into one another, are yet in reality distinguishable and separate. One of these, which we may call the *ubiquitous*, aims at describing the whole of human life in all its spheres, in all its aspects, with all its varied interests, aims, and objects. It searches through the whole life of man; his practical pursuits, his speculative attempts, his romantic youth, and his domestic age. It gives an entire feature of all these; or if there be any lineaments which it forbears to depict, they are only such as the inevitable repression of a regulated society excludes from the admitted province of literary art. Of this kind are the novels of Cervantes and Le Sage, and, to a certain extent, of Smollet or Fielding. In our own time, Mr. Dickens is an author whom nature intended to write to a certain extent with this aim. He should have given us *not* disjointed novels, with a vague attempt at a romantic plot, but sketches of diversified scenes, and the obvious life of varied man-

kind The literary fates, however, if such be-
 ings there are, allotted otherwise. By a very
 terrible example of the way in which in this
 world great interests are postponed to little
 ones, the genius of authors is habitually sac-
 rificed to the tastes of readers. In this age,
 the great readers of fiction are young people.
 The "addiction" of these is to romance; and
 accordingly a kind of novel has become so
 familiar to us as almost to engross the name,
 which deals solely with the passion of love;
 and if it uses other parts of human life for the
 occasions of its art, it does so only cursorily
 and occasionally, and with a view of throw-
 ing into a stronger or more delicate light
 those sentimental parts of earthly affairs
 which are the special objects of delineation.
 All prolonged delineation of other parts of
 human life is considered "dry," stupid, and
 distracts the mind of the youthful generation
 from the "fantasies" which peculiarly charm
 it. Mr. Olmsted has a story of some depu-
 tation of the Indians, at which the American
 orator harangued the barbarian audience
 about the "great spirit," and "the land of
 their fathers," in the style of Mr. Cooper's
 novels; during a moment's pause in the great
 stream, an old Indian asked the deputation,
 "Why does your chief speak thus to us? we
 did not wish great instruction or fine words;
 we desire brandy and tobacco." No critic in
 a time of competition will speak uncour-
 teously of any reader of either sex; but it is
 indisputable that the old kind of novel, full
 of great "instruction" and varied pictures,
 does not afford to some young gentlemen and
 some young ladies either the peculiar stimu-
 lus or the peculiar solace which they desire.

The Waverley Novels were published at a
 time when the causes that thus limit the
 sphere of fiction were coming into operation,
 but when they had not yet become so omni-
 potent as they are now. Accordingly these
 novels everywhere bear marks of a state of
 transition. They are not devoted with any
 thing like the present exclusiveness to the
 sentimental part of human life. They de-
 scribe great events, singular characters,
 strange accidents, strange states of society;
 they dwell with a peculiar interest—and as if
 for their own sake—on antiquarian details re-
 lating to a past society. Singular customs,
 social practices, even political institutions
 which existed once in Scotland, and even
 elsewhere, during the middle ages, are ex-

plained with a careful minuteness. At the
 same time the sentimental element assumes
 a great deal of prominence. The book is in
 fact, as well as in theory, a narrative of the
 feelings and fortunes of the hero and hero-
 ine. An attempt more or less successful has
 been made to insert an interesting love-story
 in each novel. Sir Walter was quite aware
 that the best delineation of the oddest char-
 acters, or the most quaint societies, or the
 strangest incidents, would not in general sat-
 isfy his readers. He has invariably attempted
 an account of youthful, sometimes of decid-
 edly juvenile, feelings and actions. The dif-
 ference between Sir Walter's novels and the
 specially romantic fictions of the present day
 is, that in the former the love-story is always,
 or nearly always, connected with some great
 event, of the fortunes of some great historical
 character, or the peculiar movements and in-
 cidents of some strange state of society; and
 that the author did not suppose or expect
 that his readers would be so absorbed in the
 sentimental aspect of human life as to be un-
 able or unwilling to be interested in, or to
 attend to, any other. There is always a
locus in quo, if the expression may be par-
 doned, in the Waverley Novels. The hero
 and heroine walk among the trees of the for-
 est according to rule, but we are expected to
 take an interest in the forest as well as in
 them.

No novel, therefore, of Sir Walter Scott's
 can be considered to come exactly within the
 class which we have called the ubiquitous.
 None of them in any material degree attempts
 to deal with human affairs in all their spheres
 —to delineate as a whole the life of man.
 The canvas has a large background, in some
 cases too large either for artistic effect or the
 common reader's interest; but there are al-
 ways real boundaries—Sir Walter had no
thesis to maintain. Scarcely any writer will
 set himself to delineate the whole of human
 life, unless he has a doctrine concerning
 human life to put forth and inculcate. The
 effort is *doctrinaire*. Scott's imagination was
 strictly conservative. He could understand
 (with a few exceptions) any considerable
 movement of human life and action, and could
 always describe with easy freshness every
 thing which he did understand; but he was
 not obliged by stress of fanaticism to main-
 tain a dogma concerning them, or to show
 their peculiar relation to the general sphere

of life. He described vigorously and boldly the peculiar scene and society which in every novel he had selected as the theatre of romantic action. Partly from their fidelity to nature, and partly from a consistency in the artist's mode of representation, these pictures group themselves from the several novels in the imagination, and an habitual reader comes to think of and understand what is meant by "Scott's world;" but the writer had no such distinct object before him. No one novel was designed to be a delineation of the world as Scott viewed it. We have vivid and fragmentary histories; it is for the slow critic of after-times to piece together their teaching.

From this intermediate position of the Waverley Novels, or at any rate in exact accordance with its requirements, is the special characteristic for which they are most remarkable. We may call this in a brief phrase their *romantic sense*; and perhaps we cannot better illustrate it than by a quotation from the novel to which the series owes its most usual name. It occurs in the description of the court-ball which Charles Edward is described as giving at Holyrood House the night before his march southward on his strange adventure. The striking interest of the scene before him, and the peculiar position of his own sentimental career, are described as influencing the mind of the hero. "Under the influence of these mixed sensations, and cheered at times by a smile of intelligence and approbation from the Prince as he passed the group, Waverley exerted his powers of fancy, animation and eloquence, and attracted the general admiration of the company. The conversation gradually assumed the line best qualified for the display of his talents and acquisitions. The gaiety of the evening was exalted in character, rather than checked, by the approaching dangers of the morrow. All nerves were strung for the future, and prepared to enjoy the present. This mood is highly favorable for the exercise of the powers of imagination, for poetry, and for that eloquence which is allied to poetry." Neither "eloquence" nor "poetry" are the exact words with which it would be appropriate to describe the fresh style of the Waverley Novels; but the imagination of their author was stimulated by a fancied mixture of sentiment and fact very much as he describes Waverley's to have

been by a real experience of the two at once. The second volume of Waverley is one of the most striking illustrations of this peculiarity. The character of Charles Edward, his adventurous undertaking, his ancestral rights, the mixed selfishness and enthusiasm of the Highland chiefs, the fidelity of their hereditary followers, their striking and strange array, the contrast with the Baron of Bradwardine and the Lowland gentry; the collision of the motley and half-appointed host, with the formed and finished English society, its passage by the Cumberland mountains and the blue lake of Ullswater,—are unceasingly and without effort present to the mind of the writer, and incite with their historical interest the susceptibility of his imagination. But at the same time the mental struggle, or rather transition, in the mind of Waverley,—for his mind was of the faint order which scarcely struggles,—is never for an instant lost sight of. In the very midst of the inroad and the conflict, the acquiescent placidity with which the hero exchanges the service of the imperious for the appreciation of the "nice" heroine, is kept before us, and the imagination of Scott wandered without effort from the great scene of martial affairs, to the natural but rather unheroic sentiments of a young gentleman not very difficult to please. There is no trace of effort in the transition, as is so common in the inferior works of later copyists. Many historical novelists, especially those who with care and pains have "read up" their detail, are often evidently in a strait how to pass from their history to their sentiment. The fancy of Sir Walter could not help connecting the two. If he had given us the English side of the race to Derby, he would have described the Bank of England paying in sixpences, and also the loves of the cashier.

It is not unremarkable in connection with this the special characteristic of the "Scotch novels," that their author began his literary life by collecting the old ballads of his native country. Ballad poetry is, in comparison at least with many other kinds of poetry, a sensible thing. It describes not only romantic events, but historical ones, incidents in which there is a form and body and consistence,—events which have a result. Such a poem as "Chevy Chase" we need not explain has its prosaic side. The latest historian of Greece has nowhere been more successful than in his

attempt to derive from Homer, the greatest of ballad poets, a thorough and consistent account of the political working of the Homeric state of society. The early natural imagination of men seizes firmly on all which interests the minds and hearts of natural men. We find in its delineations the council as well as the marriage; the harsh conflict as well as the deep love-affair. Scott's own poetry is essentially a modernised edition of the traditional poems which his early youth was occupied in collecting. The *Lady of the Lake* is a sort of *boudoir* ballad, yet it contains its element of common sense and broad delineation. The exact position of Lowlander and Highlander would not be more aptly described in a set treatise than in the well-known lines:

"Saxon, from yonder mountain high
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and hills between:
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael.
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers rent the land,
Where dwell we now! See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we the savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks those shingles dry,—
And well the mountain might reply,
To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore;
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul! While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While of ten thousand herds there strays
But one along yon river's maze;
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall with strong hand redeem his share."

We need not search the same poem for specimens of the romantic element, for the whole poem is full of them. The incident in which Ellen discovers who Fitz-James really is, is perhaps excessively romantic. At any rate the lines,—

"To him each lady's look was lent;
'On him each courteous eye was bent;
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring,
And Snowdown's knight is Scotland's king,"

may be cited as very sufficient example of the

sort of sentimental incident which is separable from extreme feeling. When Scott, according to his own half-jesting but half-serious expression, was "beaten out of poetry" by Byron, he began to express in more pliable prose the same combination which his verse had been used to convey. As might have been expected, the sense became in the novels more free, vigorous, and flowing, because it is less cramped by the vehicle in which it is conveyed. The range of character which can be adequately delineated in narrative verse is much narrower than that which can be described in the combination of narrative with dramatic prose; and perhaps even the sentiment of the novels is manlier and freer; a delicate unreality hovers over the *Lady of the Lake*.

The sensible element, if we may so express it, of the Waverley Novels appears in various forms. One of the most striking is in the delineation of great political events and influential political institutions. We are not by any means about to contend that Scott is to be taken as an infallible or an impartial authority for the parts of history which he delineates. On the contrary, we believe all the world now agrees that there are many deductions to be made from, many exceptions to be taken to, the accuracy of his delineations. Still, whatever period or incident we take, we shall always find in the error a great, in one or two cases perhaps an extreme, mixture of the element which we term common sense. The strongest *unsensible* feeling in Scott was perhaps his Jacobitism, which crept out even in small incidents and recurring prejudice throughout the whole of his active career, and was, so to say, the emotional aspect of his habitual Toryism. Yet no one can have given a more sensible delineation, we might say a more statesmanlike analysis, of the various causes which led to the momentary success, and to the speedy ruin, of the enterprise of Charles Edward. Mr. Lockhart says, that notwithstanding Scott's imaginative readiness to exalt Scotland at the expense of England, no man would have been more willing to join in emphatic opposition to an anti-English party, if any such had presented itself with a practical object. Similarly his Jacobitism, though not without moments of real influence, passed away when his mind was directed to broad masses of fact and general conclusions of political reasoning. A

similar observation may be made as to Scott's Toryism; although it is certain that there was an enthusiastic, and in the malicious sense, poetical element in Scott's Toryism, yet it quite as indisputably partook largely of two other elements, which are in common repute prosaic. He shared abundantly in the love of administration and organisation, common to all men of great active powers. He liked to contemplate method at work and order in action. Everybody hates to hear that the Duke of Wellington asked "how the king's government was to be carried on." No amount of warning wisdom will bear so fearful a repetition. Still he *did* say it, and Scott had a sympathising foresight of the oracle before it was spoken.

One element of his conservatism is his sympathy with the administrative arrangement, which is confused by the objections of a Whiggish opposition, and is liable to be altogether destroyed by uprisings of the populace. His biographer, while pointing out the strong contrast between Scott and the argumentative and parliamentary statesmen of his age, avows his opinion that in other times, and with sufficient opportunities, Scott's ability in managing men would have enabled him to "play the part of Cecil or of Gondomar." We may see how much an insensible enthusiasm for such abilities breaks out, not only in the description of hereditary monarchs, where the sentiment might be ascribed to a different origin, but also in the delineation of upstart rulers, who could have no hereditary sanctity in the eyes of any Tory. Roland Græme, in the *Abbot*, is well described as losing in the presence of the Regent Murray the natural impertinence of his disposition. "He might have braved with indifference the presence of an earl merely distinguished by his belt and coronet; but he felt overawed in that of the soldier and statesman, the wielder of a nation's power, and the leader of her armies." It is easy to perceive that the author shares the feeling of his hero by the evident pleasure with which he dwells on the regent's demeanor: "He then turned slowly round toward Roland Græme, and the marks of gaiety, real or assumed, disappeared from his countenance as completely as the passing bubbles leave the dark mirror of a still profound lake into which the traveller has cast a stone; in the course of a minute his noble

features had assumed their natural expression of melancholy gravity," &c. In real life Scott used to say that he never remembered feeling abashed in any one's presence except the Duke of Wellington's. Like that of the hero of his novel, his imagination was very susceptible to the influence of great achievement, and prolonged success in wide-spreading affairs.

The view which Scott seems to have taken of democracy indicates exactly the same sort of application of a plain sense to the visible parts of the subject. His imagination was singularly penetrated with the strange varieties and motley composition of human life. The extraordinary multitude and striking contrast of the characters in his novels show this at once. And even more strikingly is the same habit of mind indicated by a tendency never to omit an opportunity of describing those varied crowds and assemblages which concentrate for a moment into a unity the scattered and unlike varieties of mankind. Thus, but a page or two before the passage which we alluded to in the *Abbot*, we find the following: "It was indeed no common sight to Roland, the vestibule of a palace, traversed by its various groups,—some radiant with gaiety—some pensive, and apparently weighed down by affairs concerning the state, or concerning themselves. Here the hoary statesman, with his cautious yet commanding look, his furred cloak and sable pantoufles; there the soldier in buff and steel, his long sword jarring against the pavement, and his whiskered upper lip and frowning brow looking an habitual defiance of danger, which, perhaps was not always made good; there again passed my lord's serving-man, high of heart and bloody of hand, humble to his master and his master's equals, insolent to all others. To these might be added, the poor suitor, with his anxious look and depressed mien—the officer, full of his brief authority, elbowing his betters, and possibly his benefactors, out of the road—the proud priest, who sought a better benefice—the proud baron, who sought a grant of church lands—the robber chief, who came to solicit a pardon for the injuries he had inflicted on his neighbors—the plundered franklin, who came to seek vengeance for that which he had himself received. Besides there was the mustering and disposition of guards and soldiers—the despatching of messengers, and

the receiving them—the trampling and neighing of horses without the gate—the flashing of arms, and rustling of plumes, and jingling of spurs within it. In short, it was that gay and splendid confusion, in which the eye of youth sees all that is brave and brilliant, and that of experience much that is doubtful, deceitful, false, and hollow—hopes that will never be gratified—promises which will never be fulfilled—pride in the disguise of humility—and insolence in that of frank and generous bounty.” As in the imagination of Shakspeare, so in that of Scott, the principal form and object were the structure—that is a hard word—the undulation and diversified composition of human society; the picture of this stood in the centre, and every thing else was accessory and secondary to it. The old “rows of books,” in which Scott so peculiarly delighted, were made to contribute their element to this varied imagination of humanity. From old family histories, odd memoirs, old law-trials, his fancy elicited new traits to add to the motley assemblage. His objection to democracy—an objection of which we can only appreciate the emphatic force, when we remember that his youth was contemporary with the first French Revolution, and the controversy as to the uniform and stereotyped rights of man—was, that it would sweep away this entire picture, level prince and peasant in a common *égalité*,—substitute a scientific rigidity for the irregular and picturesque growth of centuries,—replace an abounding and genial life by a symmetrical but lifeless mechanism. All the descriptions of society in the novels, whether of feudal society, of modern Scotch society, or of English society,—are largely colored by this feeling. It peeps out every where, and the liberal critics have endeavored to show that it was a narrow Toryism; but in reality it is a subtle compound of the natural instinct of the artist with the plain sagacity of the man of the world.

It would be tedious to show how clearly the same sagacity appears in his delineation of the various great events and movements in society which are described in the Scotch novels. There is scarcely one of them which does not bear it on its surface. Objections may, as we shall show, be urged to the delineation which Scott has given to the Puritan resistance and rebellions, yet scarcely any one will say there is not a worldly sense in it. On the contrary,

the very objection is, that it is too worldly, and far too exclusively sensible.

The same thoroughly well-grounded sagacity and comprehensive appreciation of human life is shown in the treatment of what we may call *anomalous* characters. In general, monstrosity is no topic for art. Every one has known in real life characters which if, apart from much experience, he had found described in books, he would have thought unnatural and impossible. Scott, however, abounds in such characters. Meg Merrilies, Edie Ochiltree, Radcliffe, are more or less of that description. That of Meg Merrilies especially is as distorted and eccentric as any thing can be. Her appearance is described as making Mannering “start;” and well it might: “She was full six feet high, wore a man’s greatcoat over the rest of her dress, had in her hand a goodly aloethorn cudgel, and in all points of equipment except the petticoats seemed rather masculine than feminine. Her dark elflocks shot out like the snakes of the gorgon between an old fashioned bonnet called a bongrace, heightening the singular effect of her strong and weather-beaten features, which they partly shadowed, while her eye had a wild roll that indicated something of insanity.” Her career in the tale corresponds with the strangeness of her exterior. “Harlot, thief, witch, and gipsy,” as she describes herself, the hero is preserved by her virtues; half-crazed as she is described to be, he owes his safety on more than one occasion to her skill in stratagem, and ability in managing those with whom she is connected, and who are most likely to be familiar with her weakness and to detect her craft. Yet on hardly any occasion is the natural reader conscious of this strangeness. Something is of course attributable to the skill of the artist; for no other power of mind could produce the effect, unless it were aided by the unconscious tact of detailed expression. But the fundamental explanation of this remarkable success is the distinctness with which Scott saw how such a character as Meg Merrilies arose and was produced out of the peculiar circumstances of gipsy life in the localities in which he has placed his scene. He has exhibited this to his readers not by lengthy or elaborate descriptions, but by chosen incidents, short comments, and touches of which he scarcely foresaw the effect. This is the only way in which the fundamental objection to making eccentricity the subject of ar-

tistic treatment can be obviated. Monstrosity ceases to be such when we discern the laws of nature which evolve it: when a real science explains its phenomena, we find that it is in strict accordance with what we call the natural type, but that some rare adjunct or uncommon casualty has interfered and distorted a nature which is really the same, into a phenomenon which is altogether different. Just so with eccentricity in human character; it becomes a topic of literary art only when its identity with the ordinary principles of human nature is exhibited in the midst of, and, as it were, by means of, the superficial unlikeness. Such a skill, however, requires an easy careless familiarity with usual human life and common human conduct. A writer must have a sympathy with health before he can show us how, and where, and to what extent, that which is unhealthy deviates from it; and it is this consistent acquaintance with regular life which makes the irregular characters of Scott so happy a contrast to the uneasy distortions of less sagacious novelists.

A good deal of the same criticism may be applied to the delineation which Scott has given us of the *poor*. In truth, poverty is an anomaly to rich people. It is very difficult to make out why people who want dinner do not ring the bell. One half of the world, according to the saying, do not know how the other half lives. Accordingly, nothing is so rare in fiction as a good delineation of the poor. Though perpetually with us in reality, we rarely meet them in our reading. The requirements of the case present an unusual difficulty to artistic delineation. A good deal of the character of the poor is an unfit topic for continuous art, and yet we wish to have in our books a lifelike exhibition of the whole of that character. Mean manners and mean vices are unfit for prolonged delineation; the everyday pressure of narrow necessities is too petty a pain and too anxious a reality to be dwelt upon. We can bear the mere description of the *Parish Register*—

"But this poor farce has neither truth nor art
To please the fancy or to touch the heart.
Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous
scene;

Presents no objects tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom
around;"—

but who could bear to have a long narrative of fortunes "dismal but yet mean," with char-

acters "dark but not awful," and no objects "tender or profound." Mr. Dickens has in various parts of his writings been led by a sort of pre-Raphaelite *cultus* of reality into an error of this species. His poor people have taken to their poverty very thoroughly; they are poor talkers and poor livers, and in all ways poor people to read about. A whole array of writers have fallen into an opposite mistake. Wishing to preserve their delineations clear from the defects of meanness and vulgarity, they have attributed to the poor a fancied happiness and Arcadian simplicity. The conventional shepherd of ancient times was scarcely displeasing: that which is by every thing except express avowal removed from the sphere of reality does not annoy us by its deviations from reality; but the fictitious poor of sentimental novelists are brought almost into contact with real life, half claim to be copies of what actually exists at our very doors, are introduced in close proximity to characters moving in a higher rank, over whom no such ideal charm is diffused, and who are painted with as much truth as the writer's ability enables him to give. Accordingly, the contrast is evident and displeasing: the harsh outlines of poverty will not bear the artificial rosetint; they are seen through it, like high cheek-bones through the delicate colors of artificial youth; we turn away with some disgust from the false elegance and un-deceiving art; we prefer the rough poor of nature to the petted poor of the refining describer. Scott has most felicitously avoided both these errors. His poor people are never coarse and never vulgar; their lineaments have the rude traits which a life of conflict will inevitably leave on the minds and manners of those who are to lead it; their notions have the narrowness which is inseparable from a contracted experience; their knowledge is not more extended than their restricted means of attaining it would render possible. Almost alone among novelists Scott has given a thorough, minute, lifelike description of poor persons, which is at the same time genial and pleasing. The reason seems to be, that the firm sagacity of his genius comprehended the industrial aspect of poor people's life thoroughly and comprehensively, his experience brought it before him easily and naturally, and his artist's mind and genial disposition enabled him to dwell on those features which would be most pleasing to the

world in general. In fact, his own mind of itself and by its own nature dwelt on those very peculiarities. He could not remove his firm and instructed genius into the domain of Arcadian unreality, but he was equally unable to dwell principally, peculiarly, or consecutively, on those petty, vulgar, mean details in which such a writer as Crabbe lives and breathes. Hazlitt said that Crabbe described a poor man's cottage like a man who came to distrain for rent; he catalogued every trivial piece of furniture, defects and cracks and all. Scott describes it as a cheerful but most sensible landlord would describe a cottage on his property: he has a pleasure in it. No detail, or few details, in the life of the inmates escape his experienced and interested eye; but he dwells on those which do not displease him. He sympathises with their rough industry and plain joys and sorrows. He does not fatigue himself or excite their wondering smile by theoretical plans of impossible relief. He makes the best of the life which is given, and by a sanguine sympathy makes it still better. A hard life many characters in Scott seem to lead; but he appreciates, and makes his reader appreciate, the full value of natural feelings, plain thoughts, and applied sagacity.

His ideas of political economy are equally characteristic of his strong sense and genial mind. He was always sneering at Adam Smith, and telling many legends of that philosopher's absence of mind and inaptitude for the ordinary conduct of life. A contact with the Edinburgh logicians had, doubtless, not augmented his faith in the formal deductions of abstract economy; nevertheless, with the facts before him, he could give a very plain and satisfactory exposition of the genial consequences of old abuses, the distinct necessity for stern reform, and the delicate humanity requisite for introducing that reform temperately and with feeling.

"Even so the Laird of Ellangowan ruthlessly commenced his magisterial reform, at the expense of various established and superannuated pickers and stealers, who had been his neighbors for half a century. He wrought his miracles like a second Duke Humphrey; and by the influence of the beadle's rod, caused the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the palsied to labor. He detected poachers, black-fishers, orchard-breakers, and pigeon-shooters; had the applause of the bench for his reward, and the public credit of an active magistrate.

All this good had its rateable proportion of evil. Even an admitted nuisance, of ancient standing, should not be abated without some caution. The zeal of our worthy friend now involved in great distress sundry personages whose idle and mendicant habits his own *lachesse* had contributed to foster, until these habits had become irreclaimable, or whose real incapacity for exertion rendered them fit objects, in their own phrase, for the charity of all well-disposed Christians. 'The long-remembered beggar,' who for twenty years had made his regular rounds within the neighborhood, received rather as an humble friend than as an object of charity, was sent to the neighboring workhouse. The decrepit dame, who travelled round the parish upon a handbarrow, circulating from house to house like a bad shilling, which every one is in haste to pass to his neighbor; she, who used to call for her bearers as loud, or louder, than a traveller demands post-horses, even she shared the same disastrous fate. The 'daft Jock,' who, half knave, half idiot, had been the sport of each succeeding race of village children for a good part of a century, was remitted to the county bridewell, where, secluded from free air and sunshine, the only advantages he was capable of enjoying, he pined and died in the course of six months. The old sailor, who had so long rejoiced the smoky rafters of every kitchen in the country, by singing *Captain Ward* and *Bold Admiral Benbow*, was banished from the country for no better reason, than that he was supposed to speak with a strong Irish accent. Even the annual rounds of the pedlar were abolished by the Justice, in his hasty zeal for the administration of rural police.

"These things did not pass without notice and censure. We are not made of wood or stone, and the things which connect themselves with our hearts and habits cannot, like bark or lichen, be rent away without our missing them. The farmer's dame lacked her usual share of intelligence, perhaps also the self-applause which she had felt while distributing the *awmous* (alms), in shape of a *gowpen* (handful) of oatmeal to the mendicant who brought the news. The cottage felt inconvenience from interruption of the petty trade carried on by the itinerant dealers. The children lacked their supply of sugar-plums and toys; the young women wanted pins, ribbons, combs, and ballads; and the old could no longer barter their eggs for salt, snuff, and tobacco. All these circumstances brought the busy Laird of Ellangowan into discredit, which was the more general on account of his former popularity. Even his lineage was brought up in judgment against him. They thought 'naething of what the like of Greenside, or Burnville, or Viewforth, might

do, that were strangers in the country; but Ellangowan! that had been a name amang them since the mirk Monanday, and lang before—him to be grinding the puir at that rate!—They ca'd his grandfather the Wicked Laird; but, though he was whiles fractious aneuch, when he got into roving company, and had ta'en the drap drink, he would have scorned to gang on at this gate. Na, na, the muckle chumlay in the Auld Place reeked like a killogie in his time, and there were as mony puir folk riving at the banes in the court and about the door, as there were gentles in the ha'. And the leddy, on ilka Christmas night as it came round, gae twelve siller pennies to ilka puir body about, in honor of the twelve apostles like. They were fond to ca' it papistrie; but I think our great folk might take a lesson frae the papists whiles. They gie another sort o' help to puir folk than just dingin down a saxpence in the brod on the Sabbath, and kiltin, and scourging, and drumming them a' the sax days o' the week besides."

Many other indications of the same healthy and natural sense, which gives so much of their characteristic charm to the Scotch novels, might be pointed out, if it were necessary to weary our readers by dwelling longer on a point we have already labored so much; one more, however, demands notice because of its importance, and perhaps also because, from its somewhat less obvious character, it might escape otherwise without notice. There has been frequent controversy as to the penal code, if we may so call it, of fiction; that is, as to the apportionment of reward and punishment respectively to the good and evil personages therein delineated; and the practice of authors has been as various as the legislation of critics. One school abandons all thought on the matter, and declares that in the real life we see around us good people often fail, and wicked people continually prosper; and would deduce the precept, that it is unwise in an art which should hold the "mirror up to nature;" not to copy the uncertain and irregular distribution of its sanctions. Another school, with an exactness which savors at times of pedantry, apportions the success and the failure, the pain and the pleasure, of fictitious life to the moral qualities of those who are living in it—does not think at all, or but little, of every other quality in those characters, and does not at all care whether the penalty and reward are evolved in natural sequence from the circumstances and characters of the tale, or are

owing to some monstrous accident far removed from all relation of cause or consequence to those facts and people. Both these classes of writers produce works which jar on the natural sense of common readers, and are at issue with the analytic criticism of the best critics. One school leaves an impression of an uncared-for world, in which there is no right and no wrong; the other, of a sort of Governesses' Institution of a world, where all praise and all blame, all good and all pain, are made to turn on special graces and petty offences, pesteringly spoken of and teasingly watched for. The manner of Scott is thoroughly different; you can scarcely lay down any novel of his without a strong feeling that the world in which the fiction has been laid, and in which your imagination has been moving, is one subject to *laws* of retribution which, though not apparent on a superficial glance, are yet in steady and consistent operation, and will be quite sure to work their due effect, if time is only given to them. Sagacious men know that this is in its best aspect the condition of life. Certain of the ungodly may, notwithstanding the Psalmist, flourish even through life like a green bay-tree; for providence, in external appearance (far differently from the real truth of things, as we may one day see it), works by a scheme of averages. Most people who ought to succeed, do succeed; most people who do fail, ought to fail. But there is no exact adjustment of "mark" to merit; the competitive examination system appears to have an origin more recent than the creation of the world;—"on the whole," "speaking generally," "looking at life as a whole," are the words in which we must describe the providential adjustment of visible good and evil to visible goodness and badness. And when we look more closely, we see that these general results are the consequences of certain principles which work half unseen, and which are effectual in the main, though thwarted here and there. It is this comprehensive though inexact distribution of good and evil, which is suited to the novelist, and it is exactly this which Scott instinctively adopted. Taking a firm and genial view of the common facts of life,—seeing it as an experienced observer and tried man of action,—he could not help giving the representation of it which is insensibly borne in on the minds of such persons. He delineates it as a world moving according to laws which

are always producing their effect, never have produced it; sometimes fall short a little; are always nearly successful. Good sense produces its effect, as well as good intention; ability is valuable as well as virtue. It is this peculiarity which gives to his works, more than any thing else, the life-likeness which distinguishes them; the average of the copy is struck on the same scale as that of reality; an unexplained, uncommented-on adjustment works in the one, just as a hidden imperceptible principle of apportionment operates in the other.

The romantic susceptibility of Scott's imagination is as obvious in his novels as his matter-of-fact sagacity. We can find much of it in the place in which we should naturally look first for it,—his treatment of his heroines. We are no indiscriminate admirers of these young ladies, and shall shortly try to show how much they are inferior as imaginative creations to similar creations of the very highest artists. But the mode in which the writer speaks of them every where indicates an imagination continually under the illusion which we term romance. A gentle tone of manly admiration pervades the whole delineation of their words and actions. If we look carefully at the narratives of some remarkable female novelists—it would be invidious to give the instances by name—we shall be struck at once with the absence of this; they do not half like their heroines. It would be satirical to say that they were jealous of them; but it is certain that they analyse the mode in which their charms produce their effects, and the minutiae of their operation, much in the same way in which a slightly jealous lady examines the claims of the heroines of society. The same writers have invented the atrocious species of *plain* heroines. Possibly none of the frauds which are now so much the topic of common remark are so irritating as that to which the purchaser of a novel is a victim on finding that he has only to peruse a narrative of the conduct and sentiments of an ugly lady. "Two-and-sixpence to know the heart which has high cheek-bones!" Was there ever such an imposition? Scott would have recoiled from such a conception. Even Jeanie Deans, though no heroine, like Flora Macivior, is described as "comely," and capable of looking almost pretty when required, and she has a compensating set off in her sister, who

is beautiful as well as unwise. Speaking generally, as is the necessity of criticism, Scott makes his heroines, at least by profession, attractive, and dwells on their attractiveness, though not with the wild ecstasy of insane youth, yet with the tempered and mellow admiration common to genial men of this world. Perhaps at times we are rather displeased at his explicitness, and disposed to hang back and carp at the admirable qualities displayed to us. But this is only a stronger evidence of the peculiarity which we speak of,—of the unconscious sentiments inseparable from Scott's imagination.

The same romantic tinge undeniably shows itself in Scott's pictures of the past. Many exceptions have been taken to the detail of mediæval life as it is described to us in *Ivanhoe*; but one merit will always remain to it, and will be enough to secure to it immense popularity. It describes the middle ages as we should have wished them to have been. We do not mean that the delineation satisfies those accomplished admirers of the old church system who fancy that they have found among the prelates and barons of the fourteenth century a close approximation to the theocracy which they would recommend for our adoption. On the contrary, the theological merits of the middle ages are not prominent in Scott's delineation. "Dogma" was not in his way: a cheerful man of the world is not anxious for a precise definition of peculiar doctrines. The charm of *Ivanhoe* is addressed to a simpler sort of imagination,—to that kind of boyish fancy which idolises mediæval society as the "fighting time." Every boy has heard of tournaments, and has a firm persuasion that in an age of tournaments life was thoroughly well understood. A martial society, where men fought hand to hand on good horses with large lances, in peace for pleasure, and in war for business, seems the very ideal of perfection to a bold and simply fanciful boy. *Ivanhoe* spreads before him the full landscape of such a realm with Richard Cœur-de-Lion, a black horse, and the passage of arms at Ashby. Of course he admires it, and thinks there was never such a writer, and will never more be such a world. And a mature critic will share his admiration, at least to the extent of admitting that nowhere else have the elements of a martial romance been so gorgeously accumulated without becoming oppressive; their

fanciful charm been so powerfully delineated, and yet so constantly relieved by touches of vigorous sagacity.

One single fact shows how great the romantic illusion is. The pressure of painful necessity is scarcely so great in this novel as in novels of the same writer in which the scene is laid in modern times. Much may be said in favor of the mediæval system as contradistinguished from existing society; much has been said. But no one can maintain that general comfort was as much diffused as it is now. A certain ease pervades the structure of later society. Our houses may not last so long, are not so picturesque, will leave no such ruins behind them; but they are warmed with hot water, have no draughts, and contain sofas instead of rushes. A slight daily unconscious luxury is hardly ever wanting to the dwellers in civilization; like the gentle air of a genial climate, it is a perpetual minute enjoyment. The absence of this marks a rude barbaric time. We may avail ourselves of rough pleasures, stirring amusements, exciting actions, strange rumors; but life is hard and harsh. The cold air of the keen North may brace and invigorate, but it cannot soothe us. All sensible people know that the middle ages must have been very uncomfortable; there was a difficulty about "good food:"—almost insuperable obstacles to the cultivation of nice detail and small enjoyment. No one knew the abstract facts on which this conclusion rests better than Scott; but his delineation gives no general idea of the result. A thoughtless reader rises with the impression that the middle ages had the same elements of happiness which we have at present, and that they had fighting besides. We do not assert that this tenet is explicitly taught; on the contrary, many facts are explained, and many customs elucidated from which a discriminating and deducing reader would infer the meanness of poverty and the harshness of barbarism. But these less imposing traits escape the rapid, and still more the boyish reader. His general impression is one of romance; and though, when roused, Scott was quite able to take a distinct view of the opposing facts, he liked his own mind to rest for the most part in the same pleasing illusion.

The same sort of historical romance is shown likewise in Scott's picture of remarkable historical characters. His Richard I. is the traditional Richard, with traits height-

ened and ennobled in perfect conformity to the spirit of tradition. Some illustration of the same quality might be drawn from his delineations of the Puritan rebellions and the Cavalier enthusiasm. We might show that he ever dwells on the traits and incidents most attractive to a genial and spirited imagination. But the most remarkable instance of the power which romantic illusion exercised over him is his delineation of Mary Queen of Scots. He refused at one time of his life to write a biography of that princess "because his opinion was contrary to his feeling." He evidently considered her guilt to be clearly established, and thought, with a distinguished lawyer, that he should "direct a jury to find her guilty;" but his fancy, like that of most of his countrymen, took a peculiar and special interest in the beautiful lady who, at any rate, had suffered so much and so fatally at the hands of a queen of England. He could not bring himself to dwell with nice accuracy on the evidence which substantiates her criminality, or on the still clearer indications of that unsound and over-crafty judgment, which was the fatal inheritance of the Stuart family, and which, in spite of advantages that scarcely any other family in the world has enjoyed, has made their name an historical by-word for misfortune. The picture in the *Abbot*, one of the best historical pictures which Scott has given us, is principally the picture of the queen as the fond tradition of his countrymen exhibited her. Her entire innocence, it is true, is never alleged: but the enthusiasm of her followers is dwelt on with approving sympathy; their confidence is set forth at large; her influence over them is skilfully delineated; the fascination of charms chastened by misfortune is delicately indicated. We see a complete picture of the beautiful queen, of the suffering and sorrowful but yet not insensible woman. Scott could not, however, as a close study will show us, quite conceal the unfavorable nature of his fundamental opinion. In one remarkable passage the struggle of the judgment is even conspicuous, and in others the sagacity of the practised lawyer,—the thread of the attorney, as he used to call it,—in his nature, qualifies and modifies the sentiment hereditary in his countrymen, and congenial to himself.

This romantic imagination is a habit or power (as we may choose to call it) of mind which is almost essential to the highest suc-

cess in the historical novel. The aim, at any rate the effect, of this class of works seems to be to deepen and confirm the received view of historical personages. A great and acute writer may from an accurate study of original documents discover that those impressions are erroneous, and by a process of elaborate argument substitute others which he deems more accurate. But this can only be effected by writing a regular history. The essence of the achievement is the proof. If Mr. Froude had put forward his view of Henry the Eighth's character in a professed novel, he would have been laughed at. It is only by a rigid adherence to attested facts and authentic documents, that a view so original could obtain even a hearing. We start back with a little anger from a representation which is avowedly imaginative, and which contradicts our impressions. We do not like to have our opinions disturbed by reasoning; but it is impertinent to attempt to disturb them by fancies. A writer of the historical novel is bound by the popular conception of his subject; and commonly it will be found that this popular impression is to some extent a romantic one. An element of exaggeration clings to the popular judgment: great vices are made greater, great virtues greater also; interesting incidents are made more interesting, softer legends more soft. The novelist who disregards this tendency will do so at the peril of his popularity. His business is to make attraction more attractive, and not to impair the pleasant pictures of ready-made romance by an attempt at grim reality.

We may therefore sum up the indications of this characteristic excellence of Scott's novels by saying, that more than any novelist he has given us fresh pictures of practical human society, with its cares and troubles, its excitements and its pleasures; that he has delineated more distinctly than any one else the framework in which this society inheres, and by the boundaries of which it is shaped and limited; that he has made more clear the way in which strange and eccentric characters grow out of that ordinary and usual system of life; that he has extended his view over several periods of society, and given an animated description of the external appearance of each, and a firm representation of its social institutions; that he has shown very graphically what we may call the worldly laws of moral government; and that over all

these he has spread the glow of sentiment natural to a manly mind, and an atmosphere of generosity congenial to a cheerful one. It is from the collective effect of these causes, and from the union of sense and sentiment which is the principle of them all, that Scott derives the peculiar healthiness which distinguishes him. There are no such books as his for the sick-room, or for freshening the painful intervals of a morbid mind. Mere sense is dull, mere sentiment unsubstantial; a sensation of genial healthiness is only given by what combines the solidity of the one and the brightening charm of the other.

Some guide to Scott's defects, or to the limitations of his genius, if we would employ a less ungenial and perhaps more correct expression, is to be discovered, as usual, from the consideration of his characteristic excellence. As it is his merit to give bold and animated pictures of this world, it is his defect to give but insufficient representations of qualities which this world does not exceedingly prize,—of such as do not thrust themselves very forward in it—of such as are in some sense above it. We may illustrate this in several ways.

One of the parts of human nature which are systematically omitted in Scott, is the searching and abstract intellect. This did not lie in his way. No man had a stronger sagacity, better adapted for the guidance of common men, and the conduct of common transactions. Few could hope to form a more correct opinion on things and subjects which were brought before him in actual life; no man had a more useful intellect. But on the other hand, as will be generally observed to be the case, no one was less inclined to that probing and seeking and anxious inquiry into things in general which is the necessity of some minds, and a sort of intellectual famine in their nature. He had no call to investigate the theory of the universe, and he would not have been able to comprehend those who did. Such a mind as Shelley's would have been entirely removed from his comprehension. He had no call to mix "awful talk and asking looks" with his love of the visible scene. He could not have addressed the universe:

"I have watched

Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps;
And my heart ever gazes on the depth
Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed
In charnels or in coffins, where black death

Keeps records of the trophies won from thee,
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,
Thy messenger, to render up the tale
Of what we are."

Such thoughts would have been to him "thinking without an object," "abstracted speculations," "cobwebs of the unintelligible brain." Above all minds his had the Baconian propensity to work upon "stuff." At first sight, it would not seem that this was a defect likely to be very hurtful to the works of a novelist. The labors of the searching and introspective intellect, however needful, absorbing, and in some degree delicious, to the seeker himself, are not in general very delightful to those who are not seeking. Genial men in middle life are commonly intolerant of that philosophising which their prototype in old times classed side by side with the lispings of youth. The theological novel, which was a few years ago so popular, and which is likely to have a recurring influence in times when men's belief is unsettled, and persons who cannot or will not read large treatises have thoughts in their minds and inquiries in their hearts, suggests to those who are accustomed to it the absence elsewhere of what is necessarily one of its most distinctive and prominent subjects. The desire to attain a belief, which has become one of the most familiar sentiments of heroes and heroines, would have seemed utterly incongruous to the plain sagacity of Scott, and also to his old-fashioned art. Creeds are *data* in his novels: people have different creeds, but each keeps his own. Some persons will think that this is not altogether amiss; nor do we particularly wish to take up the defence of the dogmatic novel. Nevertheless, it will strike those who are accustomed to the youthful generation of a cultivated time, that the passion of intellectual inquiry is one of the strongest impulses in many of them, and one of those which give the predominant coloring to the conversation and exterior mind of many more. And a novelist will not exercise the most potent influence over those subject to that passion if he entirely omit the delineation of it. Scott's works have only one merit in this relation: they are an excellent rest to those who have felt this passion, and have had something too much of it.

The same indisposition to the abstract exercises of the intellect shows itself in the re-

flective portions of Scott's novels, and perhaps contributes to their popularity with that immense majority of the world who strongly share in that same indisposition: it prevents, however, their having the most powerful intellectual influence on those who have at any time of their lives voluntarily submitted themselves to this acute and refining discipline. The reflections of a practised thinker have a peculiar charm, like the last touches of the accomplished artist. The cunning exactitude of the professional hand leaves a trace in the very language. A nice discrimination of thought makes men solicitous of the most apt expressions to diffuse their thoughts. Both words and meaning gain a metallic brilliancy, like the glittering precision of the pure Attic air. Scott's is a healthy and genial world of reflection, but it wants the charm of delicate exactitude.

The same limitation of Scott's genius shows itself in a very different portion of art—in his delineation of his heroines. The same blunt sagacity of imagination, which fitted him to excel in the rough description of obvious life, rather unfitted him for delineating the less substantial essence of the female character. The nice *minutiae* of society, by means of which female novelists have been so successful in delineating their own sex, were rather too small for his robust and powerful mind. Perhaps, too, a certain unworldliness of imagination is necessary to enable men to comprehend or delineate that essence: unworldliness of life is no doubt not requisite; rather, perhaps, worldliness is necessary to the acquisition of a sufficient experience. But an absorption in the practical world does not seem favorable to a comprehension of any thing which does not precisely belong to it.

Its interests are too engrossing; its excitements too keen; it modifies the fancy, and in the change unfits it for every thing else. Something, too, in Scott's character and history made it more difficult for him to give a representation of women than of men. Goethe used to say, that his idea of woman was not drawn from his experience, but that it came to him before experience, and that he explained his experience by a reference to it. And though this is a German, and not very happy, form of expression, yet it appears to indicate a very important distinction. Some efforts of the imagination are made so early in life, just as it were at the dawn of the com-

scious faculties, that we are never able to fancy ourselves as destitute of them. They are part of the mental constitution with which, so to speak, we awoke to existence. These are always far more firm, vivid, and definite, than any other images of our fancy, and we apply them, half unconsciously, to any facts and sentiments and actions which may occur to us later in life, whether arising from within or thrust upon us from the outward world. Goethe doubtless meant that the idea of the female character was to him one of these first elements of imagination; not a thing puzzled out, or which he remembered having conceived, but a part of the primitive conceptions which, being coeval with his memory, seemed inseparable from his consciousness. The descriptions of women likely to be given by this sort of imagination will probably be the best descriptions. A mind which would arrive at this idea of the female character by this process, and so early, would be one obviously of more than usual susceptibility. The early imagination does not commonly take this direction; it thinks most of horses and lances, tournaments and knights; only a mind with an unusual and instinctive tendency to this kind of thought, would be borne thither so early or so effectually. And even independently of this probable peculiarity of the individual, the primitive imagination in general is likely to be the most accurate which men can form; not, of course, of the external manifestations and detailed manners, but of the inner sentiment and characteristic feeling of women. The early imagination conceives what it does conceive very justly; fresh from the facts, stirred by the new aspect of things, undimmed by the daily passage of constantly forgotten images, not misled by the irregular analogies of a dislocated life,—the early mind sees what it does see with a spirit and an intentness never given to it again. A mind like Goethe's, of very strong imagination, aroused at the earliest age,—not of course by passions, but by an unusual strength in that undefined longing which is the prelude to our passions,—will form the best idea of the inmost female nature which masculine nature can form. The trace is evident in the characters of women formed by Goethe's imagination or Shakspeare's, and those formed by such an imagination as that of Scott. The latter seems so external. We have traits,

features, manners; we know the heroine as she appeared in the street; in some degree we know how she talked, but we never know how she felt—least of all what she was: we always feel there is a world behind, unanalysed, unrepresented, which we cannot attain to. Such a character as Margaret in *Faust* is known to us to the very soul; so is Imogen; so is Ophelia. Edith Bellenden, Flora Macivor, Miss Wardour, are young ladies who, we are told, were good-looking, and well-dressed (according to the old fashion) and sensible; but we feel we know but very little of them, and they do not haunt our imaginations.

The failure of Scott in this line of art is more conspicuous, because he had not, in any remarkable degree the later experience of female detail, with which some minds have endeavored to supply the want of the early essential imagination, and which Goethe possessed in addition to it. It was rather late, according to his biographer, before Scott set up for "a squire of dames;" he was a "lame young man, very enthusiastic about ballad poetry;" he was deeply in love with a young lady, supposed to be imaginatively represented by Flora Macivor, but he was unsuccessful. It would be over-ingenious to argue, from his failing in a single love-affair, that he had no peculiar interest in young ladies in general; but the whole description of his youth shows that young ladies exercised over him a rather more divided influence than is usual. Other pursuits intervened, much more than is common with persons of the imaginative temperament, and he never led the life of flirtation from which Goethe believed that he derived so much instruction. Scott's heroines, therefore, are, not unnaturally, faulty, since from a want of the very peculiar instinctive imagination he could not give us the essence of women, and from the habits of his life he could not delineate to us their detailed life with the appreciative accuracy of habitual experience. Jeanie Deans is probably the best of his heroines, and she is so because she is the least of a heroine. The plain matter-of-fact element in the peasant-girl's life and circumstances suited a robust imagination. There is little in the part of her character that is very finely described which is characteristically feminine. She is not a masculine, but she is an epicene heroine. Her love-affair with Butler, a single re-

markable scene excepted, is rather commonplace than otherwise.

A similar criticism might be applied to Scott's heroes. Every one feels how commonplace they are—Waverley excepted, whose very vacillation gives him a sort of character. They have little personality. They are all of the same type;—excellent young men—rather strong—able to ride and climb and jump. They are always said to be sensible, and bear out the character by being not unwilling sometimes to talk platitudes. But we know nothing of their inner life. They are said to be in love; but we have no special account of their individual sentiments. People show their character in their love more than in any thing else. These young gentlemen all love in the same way—in the vague commonplace way of this world. We have no sketch or dramatic expression of the life within. Their souls are quite unknown to us. If there is an exception, it is Edgar Ravenswood. But if we look closely, we may observe that the notion which we obtain of his character, unusually broad as it is, is not a notion of him in his capacity of hero, but in his capacity of distressed peer. His proud poverty gives a distinctness which otherwise his lineaments would not have. We think little of his love; we think much of his narrow circumstances and compressed haughtiness.

The same exterior delineation of character shows itself in its treatment of men's religious nature. A novelist is scarcely in the notion of ordinary readers, bound to deal with this at all; if he does, it will be one of his great difficulties to indicate it graphically, yet without dwelling on it. Men who purchase a novel do not wish a stone or a sermon. All lengthened reflections must be omitted; the whole armory of pulpit eloquence. But no delineation of human nature can be considered complete which omits to deal with man in relation to the questions which occupy him as man, with his convictions as to the theory of the universe and his own destiny; the human heart throbs on few subjects with a passion so intense, so peculiar, and so typical. From an artistic view, it is a blunder to omit an element which is so characteristic of human life, which contributes so much to its animation, and which is so picturesque. A reader of a more simple mind, little apt to indulge in such criticism,

feels "a want of depth," as he would speak, in delineations from which so large an element of his own most passionate and deepest nature is omitted. It can hardly be said that there is an omission of the religious nature in Scott. But at the same time there is no adequate delineation of it. If we refer to the facts of his life, and the view of his character which we collect from thence, we shall find that his religion was of a qualified and double sort. He was a genial man of the world, and had the easy faith in the kindly *Dieu des bons gens* which is natural to such a person; and he had also a half-poetic principle of superstition in his nature, inclining him to believe in ghosts, legends, fairies and elfs, which did not affect his daily life, or possibly his superficial belief, but was nevertheless very constantly present to his fancy, and affected, as is the constitution of human nature, by that frequency, the undefined, half-expressed, inexpressible feelings which are at the root of that belief. Superstition was a kind of Jacobitism in his religion: as a sort of absurd reliance on the hereditary principle modified insensibly his leanings in the practical world, so a belief in the existence of unevincenced, and often absurd, supernatural beings, qualifies his commonest speculations on the higher world. Both these elements may be thought to enter into the highest religion; there is a principle of cheerfulness which will justify in its measure a genial enjoyment, and also a principle of fear which those who think only of that enjoyment will deem superstition, and which will really become superstition in the over-anxious and credulous acceptor of it. But in a true religion these two elements will be combined.

The character of God images itself very imperfectly in any human soul; but in the highest it images itself as a whole; it leaves an abiding impression which will justify anxiety and allow of happiness. The highest aim of the religious novelist would be to show how this operates in human character; to exhibit in their curious modification our religious love, and also our religious fear. In the novels of Scott the two elements appear in a state of separation, as they did in his own mind. We have the superstition of the peasantry in the *Antiquary*, in *Guy Mannering*, everywhere almost; we have likewise a pervading tone of genial easy reflection characteristic of the man of the world

who produced, and agreeable to the people of the world who read, these works. But we have no picture of the two in combination. We are scarcely led to think on the subject at all, so much do other subjects distract our interest; but if we do think, we are puzzled at the contrast. We do not know which is true, the uneasy belief of superstition, or the easy satisfaction of the world; we waver between the two, and have no suggestion even hinted to us of the possibility of a reconciliation. The character of the Puritans certainly did not in general embody such a reconciliation, but it might have been made by a sympathising artist the vehicle for a delineation of a struggle after it. The two elements of love and fear ranked side by side in their minds with an intensity which is rare even in minds that feel only one of them. The delineation of Scott is amusing, but superficial. He caught the ludicrous traits which tempt the mirthful imagination, but no other side of the character pleased him. The man of the world was displeased with their obstinate interfering zeal; their intensity of faith was an opposition force in the old Scotch polity, of which he liked to fancy the harmonious working. They were superstitious enough; but nobody likes other people's superstitions. Scott's were of a wholly different kind. He made no difficulty as to the observance of Christmas-day, and would have eaten potatoes without the faintest scruple, although their name does not occur in Scripture. Doubtless also his residence in the land of Puritanism did not incline him to give any thing except a satirical representation of that belief. You must not expect from a Dissenter a faithful appreciation of the creed from which he dissents. You cannot be impartial on the religion of the place in which you live; you may believe it, or you may dislike it; it crosses your path in too many forms for you to be able to look at it with equanimity. Scott had rather a rigid form of Puritanism forced upon him in his infancy; it is asking too much to expect him to be partial to it. The aspect of religion which Scott delineates best is that which appears in griefs, especially in the grief of strong characters. His strong *natural* nature felt the power of death. He has given us many pictures of rude and simple men subdued, if only for a moment, into devotion by its presence.

On the whole, and speaking roughly, these defects in the delineation which Scott has given us of human life are but two. He omits to give us a delineation of the soul. We have mind, manners, animation, but it is the stir of this world. We miss the consecrating power; and we miss it not only in its own peculiar sphere, which, from the difficulty of introducing the deepest elements into a novel, would have been scarcely matter for a harsh criticism, but in the place in which a novelist might most be expected to delineate it. There are perhaps such things as the love-affairs of immortal beings, but no one would learn it from Scott. His heroes and heroines are well dressed for this world, but not for another; there is nothing even in their love which is suitable for immortality. As has been noticed, Scott also omits any delineation of the abstract unworldly intellect. This too might not have been so severe a reproach, considering its undramatic, unanimated nature, if it had stood alone; but taken in connection with the omission which we have just spoken of, it is most important. As the union of sense and romance makes the world of Scott so characteristically agreeable,—a fascinating picture of this world in the light in which we like best to dwell in it, so the deficiency in the attenuated, striving intellect, as well as in the supernatural soul, gives to the "world" of Scott the cumbrousness and temporality, in short, the materialism, which is characteristic of the world.

We have dwelt so much on what we think are the characteristic features of Scott's imaginative representations, that we have left ourselves no room to criticise the two most natural points of criticism in a novelist—plot and style. This is not, however, so important in Scott's case as it would commonly be. He used to say, "It was of no use having a plot; you could not keep to it." He modified and changed his thread of story from day to day,—sometimes even from bookselling reasons, and on the suggestion of others. An elaborate work of narrative art could not be produced in this way, every one will concede; the highest imagination, able to look far over the work, is necessary for that task. But the plots produced, so to say, by the pen of the writer as he passes over the events are likely to have a freshness and suitability to those events, which is not possessed by the

inferior writers who make up a mechanical plot before they commence. The procedure of the highest genius doubtless is scarcely a procedure; the view of the whole story comes at once upon its imagination like the delicate end and the distinct beginning of some long vista. But all minds do not possess the highest mode of conception; and, among lower modes, it is doubtless better to possess the vigorous fancy which creates each separate scene in succession as it goes, than the pedantic intellect which designs every thing long before it is wanted. There is a play in unconscious creation which no voluntary elaboration and pre-conceived fitting of distinct ideas can ever hope to produce. If the whole cannot be created by one bounding effort, it is better that each part should be created separately and in detail.

The style of Scott would deserve the highest praise if M. Thiers could establish his theory of narrative language. He maintains that an historian's language approaches perfection in proportion as it aptly communicates what is meant to be narrated without drawing any attention to itself. Scott's style fulfils this condition. Nobody rises from his works without a most vivid idea of what is related, and no one is able to quote a single phrase in which it has been narrated. We are inclined, however, to differ from the great French historian, and to oppose to him a theory derived from a very different writer. Coleridge used to maintain that all good poetry was untranslatable into words of the same language without injury to the sense: the meaning was, in his view, to be so inseparably intertwined even with the shades of the language, that the change of a single expression would make a difference in the accompanying feeling, if not in the bare signification: consequently, all good poetry must be

remembered exactly,—to change a word is to modify the essence. Rigidly this theory can only be applied to a few kinds of poetry, or special passages in which the imagination is exerting itself to the utmost, and collecting from the whole range of associated language the very expressions which it requires. The highest excitation of feeling is necessary to this peculiar felicity of choice. In calmer moments the mind has either a less choice, or less acuteness of selective power. Accordingly, in prose it would be absurd to expect any such nicety. Still, on great occasions in imaginative fiction, there should be passages in which the words seem to cleave to the matter. The excitement is as great as in poetry. The words should become part of the sense. They should attract our attention, as this is necessary to impress them on the memory; but they should not in so doing distract attention from the meaning conveyed. On the contrary, it is their inseparability from their meaning which gives them their charm and their power. In truth, Scott's language, like his sense, was such as became a bold sagacious man of the world. He used the first sufficient words which came uppermost, and seems hardly to have been sensible, even in the works of others, of that exquisite accuracy and inexplicable appropriateness of which we have been speaking.

To analyse in detail the faults and merits of even a few of the greatest of the Waverley Novels would be impossible in the space at our command on the present occasion. We have only attempted a general account of a few main characteristics. Every critic must, however, regret to have to leave topics so tempting to remark as many of Scott's stories, and a yet greater number of his characters.

CRY OF RELIGION BY THE IRRELIGIOUS.—"We have had sad experience," says Brian Walton, "of the fruits of causeless fears and jealousies, which the more unjust they are, the more violent usually they are, and less capable of satisfaction. It hath been, and is, usual with some, who, that they may create fears in the

credulous ignorant multitude, and raise clamors against others, pretend great fears of that which they themselves no more fear than the falling of the skies; and to cry out *Templum Domini*, when they scarce believe *Dominum Templi*."—*The Considerator Considered*, page 29.

From The Westminster Review.
RECOLLECTIONS OF SHELLEY AND
BYRON.

Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron. By E. J. Trelawny. London: Edward Moxon. 1858.

MR. TRELAWNY has done well in giving this manly and carelessly written little volume to the world: it will at least revive the personal memory of two Englishmen who, though long dead, can never be altogether of the past. Without telling much of either with which we were not previously acquainted, the information communicated is the result of intimate personal knowledge, and, gathered during the intervals of a familiar acquaintance, comes out with such freshness and vigor, that it possesses nearly all the merit of novelty; and the striking features of character are brought forward in much stronger relief, than in the tame and wearisome biography of which one at least was the victim. It is the least enviable appanage of genius that it perpetuates by its own lustre those faults and weaknesses which repose in the graves of meaner men; the biographer, even though a friend, cannot ignore these; and while he avoids giving them undue prominence, cannot forget that truth has its claims, as well as genius.

We recognize Shelley in these sketches as he appeared in his works—the gentle, guileless, noble soul who persisted in putting himself wrong with the world, and who rashly and fearlessly launched his indignant sarcasm at the cant and bigotry and selfishness of society, without indicating any rational plan for its regeneration. Had he possessed a friend sufficiently influential and judicious to have delayed the publication of “Queen Mab” for ten years, Shelley’s lot might have been far different. How could he reasonably expect forbearance from a society whose creed, by a portion of it sincerely venerated, he so recklessly outraged? The wisest man feels himself to be an infant if he attempts to understand the doctrine of Original Sin; and yet it was this problem that the youthful and inexperienced Shelley dared to grapple in his poem, in a spirit of unparalleled rashness and presumption.

Mr. Trelawny was for some time, as is well known, the companion of Byron and Shelley during their voluntary exile in Italy. Too manly and too honest to believe in the justice

of the tremendous calumnies which drove Shelley from England, and deprived him of his children, he was yet, like all who ever came to personal knowledge of Shelley, astonished to find what manner of man was this of whom all who did not know him spoke so ill. We see him as Mr. Trelawny saw him, more than thirty years since, in the following scene:—

“Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall thin stripling held out both his hands; and although I could hardly believe, as I looked at his flushed, feminine, and artless face, that it could be the poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies, he sat down and listened. I was silent from astonishment; was it possible this mild-looking, beardless boy could be the veritable monster at war with all the world?—excommunicated by the fathers of the Church, deprived of his civil rights by a grim Lord Chancellor, discarded by every member of his family, and denounced by the rival sages of our literature as the founder of a Satanic school? I could not believe it; it must be a hoax. He was habited like a boy, in black jacket and trousers, which he seemed to have outgrown, or his tailor, as is the custom, had shamefully stunted him in his ‘sizings.’”

His wife’s personal appearance, *née* Godwin, the authoress of “Frankenstein,” is sketched on the same occasion:—

“The most striking feature in her face was her calm, grey eyes. She was rather under the English standard of woman’s height, very fair and light-haired, witty, social and animated in the society of friends, though mournful in solitude; like Shelley, though in a minor degree, she had the power of expressing her thoughts in varied and appropriate words, derived from familiarity with the works of our vigorous old writers. Neither of them used obsolete or foreign words.”

The artless and natural character of Shelley endeared him to the few who had the privilege of personal knowledge; and, as appears from these sketches, contrasted very favorably with the artificial manner and undisguised egotism of Byron—but, in truth, the latter was only himself when in the stillness of night he was engaged in composition, and absorbed into forgetfulness of his physical deficiencies and his chronic starvation.

Mr. Trelawny gives a more minute and circumstantial detail than has previously appeared, of the miserable circumstances attending the deaths of Shelley and his com-

panion Mr. Williams. The letter which the latter had despatched to his wife on the previous day, informing her and Mrs. Shelley of their proposed return to the home in the Gulf of Spezzia, where both ladies were anxiously expecting their husbands, who had been unexpectedly detained in Leghorn, is surely, breathing as it does the warmest affection, destined to be so sadly quenched, the most touching document ever preserved from oblivion. The condition of the two bodies, when thrown ashore after many days, was such as to make incremation the most eligible means of disposing of the remains; and this proceeding was conducted in both cases—for they were not burned together—with great care by Mr. Trelawny, in an iron furnace constructed on purpose. Lord Byron may have given way to some apparent levity on the occasion; but it was but to conceal an emotion he deeply felt, but which he lacked the moral courage to evince publicly. Shelley's toy skiff, the *Don Juan*, in which they embarked with inauspicious omens on that melancholy evening, does not appear to have been capsized during the gale, notwithstanding the ominous remark of the Genoese mate of the *Bolivar* about the superfluous gaff-topsail; but from her damaged condition, when afterwards weighed by the exertions of Captain Roberts, was probably run down by some Italian speronare scudding before the gale.

Shelley stands far higher in the opinions of his countrymen now than when his gentle spirit and ardent love of truth were quenched for ever in the waves of the Mediterranean. It is not necessary to vindicate his character from calumnies which are long forgotten; but if there are any who, not knowing, yet care to know, how gentle, how generous, how accomplished, and how unselfish he was, it is written in this late testimony of one who knew him well, and knowing him well in life, had the hard task assigned him of communicating his premature death to the despairing widow.

Shelley formed a correct and candid estimate of his own writings when he said, "They are little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and just—they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be." He read too much, was altogether too much imbued with the ideas of others. His were the azure and vermillion clouds that float in insubstantial beauty through

the atmosphere of an Alpine sunrise, rather than the enduring creation of grandeur, strength, and beauty which we recognize in a great poem.

After Shelley's death, Byron moved from Pisa to Albaro, near Genoa, where he occupied the Casa Saluzzi; but the loss of one whom he must have looked on as a friend, and respected for the nobleness of his nature, together with the failure of the *Liberal*, which could hardly succeed under the auspices of two such editors as Hunt and himself, made him dissatisfied with an inactive existence, and he looked round for some field, not of enterprise, but excitement. He was quite unfit constitutionally to encounter real fatigue or privation; he had courage, no doubt; contempt of life, and tameless pride, but neither possessed the physical or mental robustness to see in well-planned, and long-sustained action a career of distinction or usefulness. After much wavering, he determined to revisit Greece, and bought a vessel to convey himself and his lares to the land which was to witness his own dissolution, and thus to derive from him another of its many claims to classic interest. The choice of his vessel seems to have been decided more by motives of economy than from any regard to its nautical capabilities, and when its defects were indicated by a more critical judgment than his own, he was consoled by the reflection that he had got it at a bargain.

It was on the 13th of July, 1823, that he sailed in the *Hercules* from Genoa with Mr. Trelawny, Count Gamba, and an Italian crew; slowly they stood eastward up the Mediterranean, and so wretched were the sailing qualities of the vessel, that even with a fair wind the average progress was but twenty miles a day. They put into Leghorn, which they quitted for Cephalonia, on the 23rd of July.

"On coming near Lonza, a small islet converted into one of its many prisons by the Neapolitan government, I said to Byron, 'There is a sight that would curdle the blood of a poet laureate.' 'If Southey were here,' he answered, 'he would sing hosannahs to the Bourbons. Here kings and governors are only the jailors and hangmen of the detestable Austrian barbarians. What dolts and drivellers the people are to submit to such universal despotism. I should like to see from this our ark, the world, submerged, and all the rascals drowning on it like rats.' I put a pencil and paper into his hand, saying, 'Per-

petuate your curses on tyranny,' &c. He readily took the paper and set to work. I walked the deck, and prevented his being disturbed. . . . After a long spell he said, 'You think it is as easy to write poetry as to smoke a cigar—look, it's only doggerel. Extemporising verse is nonsense; Poetry is a distinct faculty—it won't come when called. You may as well whistle for a wind; a Pythoness was primed when put into the tripod. I must chew the cud before I write. I have thought over most of my subjects for years before writing a line.' . . . 'Give me time—I can't forget the theme; but for this Greek business I should have been at Naples writing a fifth canto of "*Childe Harold*," expressly to give vent to my detestation of the Austrian tyranny in Italy.' "

But his own earlier lines might well have recurred both to the poet and to his biographer, for surely none could be more applicable to the scene before their eyes then, as before ours now, when we look on Naples:—

"It is as though the fiends prevailed
Against the seraphs they assailed,
And fixed on heavenly thrones should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell—
So fair the scene, so formed for joy,
So cursed the tyrants that destroy."

"The poet had an antipathy to everything scientific; maps and charts offended him. . . . Buildings the most ancient or modern he was as indifferent to as he was to painting, sculpture, or music. *But all natural objects, or changes in the elements, he was generally the first to point out, and the last to lose sight of.*" p. 187. [The italics are our own.]

Mr. Trelawny echoes an old remark of Baron Macaulay's (Warren Hastings), which every one's experience will confirm, as to the effect of a sea voyage in testing temper and character, and says—"I never was on ship-board with a better companion than Byron: he was generally cheerful, gave no trouble, assumed no authority, uttered no complaints, and did not interfere with the working of the ship; when appealed to, he always answered, 'Do as you like.' " There was much enjoyment of life on board this dull sailer, the *Hercules*; and the voyage, if protracted, was under clear, warm skies, and in smooth water. One scene narrated has a grimly comic element: *apropos* to some remark, Byron exclaimed, "Women, you should say; if we had a woman-kind on board, she would set us all at loggerheads, and make a mutiny; would she not, captain?" "I wish my old woman ere here," replied the skipper; "she would

make you as comfortable in my cabin at sea as your own wife would in her parlor on shore." Byron started, and looked savage. The skipper went on unconscious, &c. &c.

Byron had written an autobiography, it seems, conceived in manly, straightforward fashion,—in a vigorous, fearless style, and was apparently truthful as regarded himself. It was subsequently entrusted to Mr. Moore, as literary executor, and by him suppressed, following the advice of others, it would seem. "I told Murray, Lady Byron was to read the manuscript if she wished it, and requested she would add, omit, or make any comments she pleased, now, or when it was going through the press." (p. 197.) They reached Zante and Cephalonia at last; and after an absence of eleven years, Lord Byron again saw the Morea, which he loved so well—

"The sun, the sky, but *not* the slave the same."

The reckless greediness of the Suliote refugees at Cephalonia disgusted him; and the intelligence he received about the prospects of liberty in Greece, or the probability of assistance from the Western Powers, so long withheld, being far from encouraging, he determined to remain some time at Cephalonia, but preferred living on board to accepting the warmly-proffered hospitality of Colonel Charles Napier, or of the other residents in the island.

"One day, after a bathe, he held out his right leg to me, saying—'I hope this accursed limb will be knocked off in the war.' 'It won't improve your swimming,' I answered; 'I will exchange legs, if you will give me a portion of your brains.' 'You would repent your bargain;' he said, &c. &c." (p. 20.)

The Greeks, it appears, very rationally desired a strong centralized authority to suppress the hordes of robbers—much more numerous than usual, since the outbreak of the war with Turkey—and talked, at least a portion of them did, of offering the crown to Byron; he might have bought it, perhaps, afterwards at Salona, and the Greeks would have had a king for three months, if he had not abdicated before, worthy of their classical renown certainly, but not quite the man to disentangle, or divide the political and social complications in which they were entangled. The beauty of Ithaca, visited at this time, seems to have justified the persevering partiality of Ulysses for his island kingdom; but there is an inexcusable piece of rudeness

to the abbot of a Greek convent on that island, recorded against Byron. The poor man had received him with all the honor in his power or knowledge, but proceeded, unluckily, to inflict an harangue of such length and solemnity, that Lord Byron, who had missed the indispensable siesta, broke into ungovernable wrath, and abused his entertainer with much more emphasis than euphony, from which his character, and wish to please, should certainly have protected the abbot. No wonder that the astounded abbot could find no better excuse for the conduct of the English peer and poet than madness—*"Ecolo e matto poveretto."*

Mr. Trelawny left Lord Byron at Cephalonia, for he was long in moving when once settled, and never saw him again in life. Anxious to know something of the state of matters in the Morea, the former passed over, accompanied by Mr. Hamilton Browne. They found only confusion, intrigue, and embezzlement; and after transacting a little business, his companion, Mr. Browne, went to London, accompanying certain Greek deputies, who were commissioned to raise a loan there, which, wonderful to relate, they succeeded in doing; though the worthy stockbrokers could hardly have been moved to liberality, or rather credulity, by their classical sympathies; while Mr. Trelawny, quitting the Morea, made for Athens, and joined a celebrated robber chief, who had assumed political functions in the disturbed and anarchic state of the country, and bore the classical name of Odysseus. In January, 1824, Mr. Trelawny heard that Byron had gone to Missolonghi, and then, that he was dead; worn out with fatigue, anxiety, and disgust, his frame, already shattered by repeated attacks of remittent fever, acquired during former residence in the marsh-girt cities of Ravenna and Venice, succumbed in the prime of life to the miasma which in greater or less intensity, according to the season, constitutes the atmosphere of Missolonghi. Mr. Trelawny was at Salona, but left for Missolonghi directly, which he entered on the third day from his departure, and found it "situated on the verge of the most dismal swamp I had ever seen."

"No one was in the house but Fletcher, who withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim—more beautiful even in death

than in life. The contraction of the skin and muscles had effaced every line traced by time or passion; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and its perfect finish. Yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often have I heard him curse it. I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water; and on his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered—both his feet were clubbed, and the legs withered to the knee: the form and face of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr."

The remaining chapters are exclusively autobiographical, and are not without interest, for Mr. Trelawny's name has become historical in Gordon's "History of the Greek Revolution." His adventures are not commonplace: and his intimate connexion with the family and fortunes of Odysseus afforded an opportunity of seeing and knowing more of the wilder and worthier elements of Roman character than has fallen to the lot of any other educated Englishman. For some time he held watch and ward in the fortified, inaccessible cave on Mount Parnassus, where Odysseus had placed his family and property, with a garrison of a few men, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Trelawny, in command. He was at last desperately wounded in a very treacherous manner, by a Scotchman named Fenton, whom he had unduly trusted, but who had been bribed to act as a spy on Odysseus and himself. He tells his story, regardless of criticism, in a frank and candid manner; and it must be a captious critic indeed, who can object to the consciousness of that superior physical strength and vigor, which sustained with ease, exertions that exhausted the more delicate powers of the two celebrated companions, whose names lend so much interest to his book, and to whose intellectual pre-eminence he renders respectful and affectionate homage.

We have so recently recorded our opinions on Shelley's writings,* that we shall now offer a few remarks on some portion of Lord Byron's poetry, which, with all its popularity, has not, it appears to us, been always rightly estimated. He unaffectedly repudiated the opinion so generally entertained, that he was the hero of his own compositions—that the monotonous protagonists of his early and

* Vide Number for January of this year.

brilliantly successful Eastern tales, no less than the *blat* and reflective "Childe," or the fortunate and brilliant "Don Juan," were drawn from the inspiration of a too partial egotism. We are inclined to believe in the sincerity of his protest, and to attribute to dramatic poverty the uniformity of his characters, and to his own physical imperfection the bodily strength and activity by which his heroes are so generally distinguished. In those short pieces which were the fruits of his early travels, and which at once attracted the attention of every reader by the unequalled brilliancy of the language, we perceive the immature judgment and the vehement sensation of his character; the verse flows onward in a torrent of splendor, and a false lustre is given to the passion whose fruit is ashes; beauty of form, and the easy and over-valued achievements of physical courage, are the artless and ordinary attractions of his actors; there is no depth or refinement of character, no difficult invention; the poems are but pictures of ordinary merit, in splendid frames.

But a deeper knowledge dawned upon him—a larger experience of his own heart, though little of the actual world from which he shrunk; and if he, as most men have done, regretted the delusions of the master-passion, and wished that the deception had lasted forever, or had never existed, yet his later strains, in their deeper tone and wider sympathies, evince that better self-knowledge, without which no man has successfully mapped even the narrowest province of the human heart; for that knowledge is itself but the evidence and the record of sufferings which the conflicts of reason with passion must ever produce.

In the crude though not inharmonious products of his youth, we see how little he had felt his strength, and how he was fettered by the rules which had been the guide of his model and antithesis Pope; nowhere does he dare to be original, and the spirit which dictated his first and weakest satire, was but the natural resentment of an Englishman who had no mind to be bullied: the mere mechanical versification gives small promise of the matchless powers which produced "Don Juan" and "Beppo;" and in the matter, there is nothing to warn us of that contemplative and deeply poetical thought which is so apparent in the "Prophecy of Dante,"

and in the two later cantos of "Childe Harold." Even those unequalled satiric powers which culminated in the "Irish Avatar," are but shadowed, not developed, and the common-place abuse and half-affected contempt of his first satire are calculated to produce a very different effect from the withering ridicule and careless contempt which overwhelmed those who provoked the displeasure of his later years.

The German critics, with a severity of taste that does them honor, place the three great poets, whose names at once occur to us—Homer, Shakspeare, and Goethe—so far above all rivalry, as to accord to these alone that supremacy and universality of intellect which we call poetic genius; and this may be just, but the human mind is so constituted in its appreciation of poetry, as sometimes to derive superior pleasure from strains which have emanated from minds of far inferior order. We like best that poetry which addresses most strongly and directly the prevailing sentiments of our own characters; and hence thousands in whom the finest of Homer's rhapsodies, Shakspeare's "Tempest," or Goethe's "Iphigenia," would awake no other sentiment than cool admiration, would be moved to tears or to enthusiasm by Pindar, Campbell, or Gray. It is no less certain that men of even the keenest intellect merely, are not unfrequently deficient in poetic taste and judgment. We know, for example, that Napoleon preferred Ossian, and Robert Hall, Virgil to Homer; and that Lord Byron himself, utterly wanting in dramatic power, but little appreciated the true strength of Shakspeare. Poetry, indeed, especially of the first order, must be felt in the heart as well as judged by the head, and the greatest merit is least apparent to a superficial glance; long study, contemplation, and comparison are required to comprehend the consummate excellence of a masterpiece, whether it be from the hand of Shakspeare or the pencil of Raphaël.

But if the very few of the first order of poets completely satisfy all the requirements of the most refined and matured intellect, the poetry of Lord Byron will always appeal strongly to those, and they are not a few, whose passions, at some period of their lives, have proved too strong for the control of reason, and where regret, if not remorse, has followed the fruitless contest—a contest which

has left the mind vacant for want of strong excitement, and wearied with a scene which offers no sufficient substitute for what has been lost. Flashes of the melancholy wisdom which follows on such experience are frequent in his later works, and their deep, and perhaps not barren truth, may sink with something of a healing and enlightening influence into hearts whose scars are not yet callous.

There is, too, a strong and ardent reverence for the nobleness of intellect, ever felt most strongly by those most highly endowed; that reverence which, rightly considered, is the only true religion, and a scorn, as strongly expressed, for the vulgar or tinsel idols of mob idolatry.

His spirit had wrestled with itself in vain; the vehement and unwise desire for something denied to mere mortality was his; the self-condemnation of performance so grievously inadequate to the lofty resolution, which more or less dwells in every heart, rebelling against the sway of low desires, was strong upon him; so that he hated life, and sought at first wildly, but afterwards more calmly, to give that feeling utterance: but the "voiceless thought" could not so be spoken, and he, the most eloquent, went to his grave without succeeding in the vain effort to unburden his full heart. Not by words, however eloquent, can man satisfy himself, or vindicate his life to others. Consistent action alone can satisfy the conscience, or justify us to our own hearts; and when action is denied or unsought, we strive for the relief, however inadequate, that words can furnish. Thus Chaucer:

"For when we may not do, then will we spoken,
And in our ashen colde, is fire yreken."

Had any suitable career of action been open to him, or had he lived in feudal times, he might have surpassed Bertrand de Born in thirst for irregular warlike achievement, and in the strains that celebrated it; the monotony of a modern military career, and the subordination which can recognise no superiority but professional rank, where the opportunity of achievement is an accident, and routine the rule of life, was utterly unsuited to his character and his physical constitution. No better career offered to him than that miserable one of Missolonghi, and here he gave evidence of a moderation and self-command little to have been expected

from a man whose vanity and egotism were not less conspicuous than his genius; this desire for an active career is translated into his eastern stories, and his heroes are rather models of what he wished to be, than what he was.

His forte, however, as he knew, was vivid description, varied and illuminated by flashes of earnest thought, and the results of a melancholy, if a short experience.

In sustained dramatic, or epic power, he was deficient; but this is an imperial endowment, and, in his own language,

"Not Hellas could unroll

From her Olympiads two such names."

His "Manfred," despite Mr. Moore's crude criticism, is a dramatic failure; and when he calls this creation of Lord Byron's "loftier and worse" than Milton's Satan, the critic shows how little of the dramatic or epic element he must have himself possessed. "Manfred" is not a great creation—he is but a dreamer, who, finding no pleasure in an earthly pursuit, itself a morbid and unhealthy feeling, strives to overpass the limits of mortality, and to coerce the Spirits whom the elements obey. Such a desire, as common as it was vain, before men had emerged from the superstitious element of the middle ages, evinces no elevation or greatness of character, and if with dauntless courage he defies the spirits whom he had evoked by his spells, and provoked by his contempt of their power, he does so as one who knows they cannot injure him, and who seeks death rather than shuns it.

The great blot of the piece, however, is the doubt that encompasses the fate of Astarte; the imagination can conceive no adequate cause for the terrible implacability which could reign in the bosom of a beatified spirit, and deny to a despairing brother one word of consolation in his awful abandonment. L. SHE could condemn him, how can he be forgiven?

Such a subject, however attractive to a writer of strong imagination, and however promising in appearance, proves much more difficult to treat adequately, if, indeed, it can ever be so treated at all, than scenes and characters of a more earthly nature, where strictly human agents appeal to a kindred reason and sympathy.

The communion of the supernatural with the natural has been a favorite theme, and a

certain stumbling-block, to the greatest poets. Homer succeeded best, because he invented little, taking the materials within his reach—and his gods and goddesses are but human beings, with a loftier physical and mental stature; it was easy to introduce them implementing the inferior powers of their favorite heroes, but we feel that, in all that should distinguish the supernatural Being above the human nature, the greatest of all, the tyrant Zeus, was inferior. Like some vulgar earthly ruler, he uses his power but to gratify passions unworthy of a God—and the charm of divine beauty and celestial grace which hovers for ever round the name of Aphrodite, is insufficient to overcome the disgust with which we regard her threat to Helena, when the latter indignantly refuses to return to her vanquished and fugitive paramour.

And when, in the "Tempest," Shakspeare introduces Ariel to delude and torment a set of drunken menials, or frighten a brutal and ignorant drudge, he scarcely redeems the character of that "dainty" creation by his services in reconstructing the shattered ship, or even in deceiving the wretches who were plotting the death of the Duke. An inspired genius may walk through proprieties at will, as he so constantly does, but even Shakspeare might have remembered in the "Tempest," "*Nec Deus intersit*," &c.

When Goethe, following the popular superstition, introduces the Devil, thinly disguised, as the companion and mentor of Faust, he goes easily enough with the pair through the temptations and the punishment of his neophyte and of Margaret—an episode too common in daily life to require the Devil as its agent—and Faust, when on the blasted heath he upbraids Mephisto with the cruel fate of her he should have protected from all harm, and curses himself as the dupe of a pitiless fiend, does but vent the reproaches many a man has heaped on himself, shuddering, if he had a conscience, at the cruel treachery which has rent a heart that beat only for him. But when the great German leaves the popular guide to invent a sphere of supernatural action, when Faust appears in scenes where the author has no guide from tradition, and subject to temptations of a less human character, we see how little mere mortal wit can observe any semblance of probability, or appearance of cohesion, in attempting that for which there is no actual

precedent in human experience. There is but one Magician, and he has long laid aside all pretensions above mortality. Patient and sagacious interrogation of nature, in disclosing the hidden properties of matter has evoked powers which the genii of the lamp might have envied, and wealth, which would have satisfied the avarice of the alchemists.

The greatest can but draw the supernatural from knowledge of the natural, and we have but human nature exaggerated in the majority of instances; Shakspeare's Ariel, and the spirits in "Manfred" are nearly the only exceptions. Homer is greatest where he describes the actions of men, and the submissive grace and tenderness of women. Shakspeare stirs the heart, and awakens our admiration most strongly when he depicts the loving constancy of the gentler sex, and the masculine heroism of Coriolanus or of Henry the Fifth. Goethe has an easy task when he echoes the sarcastic mockery, or paints the demon heart of Mephisto; but the master-hand is seen in the calm and natural beauty of the "Iphigenia," and above all in his unequalled delineation of the female nature; he who could draw such characters as Gretchen, Clara, Mignon, and Adelheid von Weislingen, has surpassed all others, Shakspeare himself, in this the most interesting province of observation and invention.

And Lord Byron, though he has clothed his demons with majesty and power, though he has avoided the vulgar error of too easily vanquishing evil by good, Satan by Abdiel, yet hardly introduces these for purposes worthy their supernatural powers, unless it be to justify the magnificent "Hymn of the Spirits" in worship round the throne of Ahrimanes.

In the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," the objective element is strongly ascendant, written as they were at a period of life when the world was still fresh, and the essential identity of human nature, under all its phases, hardly appreciated. The boundless command of his own language, and the liveliest susceptibility to the beauty or grandeur of nature, produced a poem which riveted immediately, the attention of contemporaries, partly, indeed, due to a comparative novelty of style, and the want of sustained originality, in the poetry which immediately preceded its publication; something too may have been owing to the lesser pre-occupation of the public by

the floods of ephemeral and amusing literature which dissipate the intellectual tastes of the readers of our day. It is in the two latter cantos, and especially the last, in which we find his powers completely matured, whether reflective or descriptive. In these cantos he has carried those important elements of poetry to their highest excellence, though of invention, the test of the highest genius, we find no traces. There is throughout a want of cohesion, if we consider "Childe Harold" as an attempt at poetic creation, for the "Childe" is a voice, not a living pilgrim; but if we recognise Lord Byron himself under an alias, narrating what he saw, and expressing in just and vivid language what he felt, we have a poem, the various merit of which it is difficult to over-estimate.

The vigor of description therein displayed is indeed without a parallel; who has equalled, or even approached, the power displayed in stanzas 27, 28, 29 of the fourth canto; in them we see actually brought before us by the magical force of his language, the exquisite and fugitive beauties of the Italian sunset, which would have mocked the pictorial art of Claude or Turner to transfer to canvas. Mere words are made to appeal to the mind more effectively than the consummate skill of the masters of painting could appeal to the sense of vision. Even Homer is here surpassed for a moment, for nowhere does he bring before us so striking and so difficult a phase of nature's ever-varying countenance; not even in the familiar passage in the eighth Rhapsody—

"Ως δ' οὐ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἀστρά φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
Φαίνεται ἀπρόπτεα. κ. τ. λ."

though it well deserves the homage Byron pays it in the fourth canto of the "Prophecy of Dante"—

"The kindled marble's bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may
bear."

In stanza 102, canto 3, we even seem to hear and see the busy summer forest-life of birds and insects in the woods of Clarens, the rustle of the leaves in the early summer breath of June, and the very plash of Alpine waterfalls; the beautiful living solitude, unspoilt by the intrusion of man, comes before us as if in spirit, or in a dream we were transported to the Swiss wilderness; it is transferred to paper as delicately and with truer

coloring than could have been effected by the calotype: but these scenes in their quiet loveliness yet suggest reminiscences of the world which the author and the reader have for a moment forgotten, and the vigorous sketches of Gibbon and Voltaire, who had long lived within sight of that beautiful scenery, come like a cloud over the mind which had just been revelling in the laughing sunshine of a Swiss landscape. Applied to graver scenes, the same matchless power nearly rivals the merit of invention, and when by the lake of Thrasymene (c. iv., vv. 62, 63, 64), he recalls the strife that made Rome to reel on her seven-hilled throne, and strove with inexorable fate to reverse her stern decree, the ancient battle comes before us as by a lightning-flash darted into the abysses of the past, as the soldiers of Carthage and of Rome pass before us in their deadly struggle.

Nothing can be more exquisite than the various harmony of the stanzas from 86 to 104 of canto iii.: in these every variety of emotion and of feeling is characterized; of admiration, reverence, love, awe; and in the apostrophe to "Clarens, sweet Clarens," that passion which he felt with so much of its earthly alloy is exalted to a refinement almost unearthly, and to a dignity which truly belongs to it, as in its purity the least selfish of human desires.

Was there ever a tribute to the Divinity of Love so exquisite as that contained in stanza 100 of canto iii.?

"O'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown
His soft and summer breath, whose tender
power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour."

Such language may fairly excite a rapturous admiration, resembling that which he professes, and only professes to have felt, when beholding the marble loveliness of the Medicean Venus.

But in a different mood, and with feelings disappointed or blunted, he afterwards recurs to this, the dream of youth, and the disenchantment of maturity; and as a warning against the indulgence of that passionate and eager credulity, what homily or maxim likely to prove so effective as the wild strains of the poet of the passion:

"Of its own beauty is the mind diseased
And fevers into false creation; where,

Where are the charms the sculptor's soul has
seiz'd ?

In him alone, could nature show as fair.
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men—
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
Which o'erinforms the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page, where they should
bloom again ?”

C. iv. st. 122.

The quiet and gentle caveat of Schiller, in the “Lay of the Bell,” may excite a sigh and a smile in those who have experienced its truth, and is perhaps more suited to the sobriety of the disenchanted, who alone are likely to appreciate it:

“Ach! des Lebens schönste Feier
Endigt auch des Lebens Mai—
Mit dem Gurtel, mit dem Schleier,
Reisst der schöne wahn entzwei.”

Das Lied von der Glocke.

The strong sensual impulses of Lord Byron's character communicated to much of his poetry its vivid charm. Tasso has somewhere said:

“Poi dietro a sensi
Vedi, che la Ragione ha corte l'ali,”

And, certainly, the poets and orators who most strongly rivet attention, are those in whom intellectual and animal vigor concur. The illustration of the abstract by the concrete is an essential element both of poetry and oratory; but the choice of illustrations will depend upon something besides the intellectual nature of the man. The similes which abound in Homer are indicative of a martial or combative disposition, and a propensity to observe the grander or more striking phenomena of nature—the rush of waters, or the destructive rage of fire; while the illustrations of the drooping poppy, and the uprooted olive, show that neither grace nor tenderness were wanting to deck the creations of that imperial genius. Milton's numerous similes, too, are in harmony with his austere and somewhat harsh character, sometimes little heedful of beauty or grace. Lord Byron's very numerous comparisons, all admirable, and often under the form of a *prosopopœia*, are indicative of the warm imagination which clothed inanimate shapes with the breathing realities of life; for example, where the Medicean Venus is described, in stanza 48, canto iv.:

“Here, too, the goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which beheld, instills
Part of its immortality—”

The comparison is here delicately insinuated rather than stated, and the fragrance of flowers, addressed to another sense, suggested as an illustration of the effect produced by this matchless statue on that of sight. Again, in stanza 28 of the same canto, another simile as exquisite, as refined, and as eminently sensual, occurs—

“Gently flows

The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instill
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon the stream, and glassed
within it glows.”

One sense is here, too, brought in to implement another, and the colors that glow in the clouds of an Italian sunset are presented in twofold reality before the reader by a ready, familiar, and charming object of comparison. In stanza 94 of the third canto another illustration occurs, marked by the same vigorous traits, and admirably in harmony with the object to be illustrated.

But in that wonderful stanza, the 87th of the third canto, which conveys to the mind by description all and more than all our own senses could do, we have a simile as exquisite as it is difficult,—

“The star-lit dew

All silently their tears of love instill,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of their
hues.”

The simile is so subtle, as for a moment to elude perception; like the odor of violets or sweet-briar, it is too exquisite to be fixed.

But the finest comparison in “Childe Harold,” perhaps the most perfect in the world of poetry, occurs in stanza 72 of the fourth canto, where the perpetual rainbow that spans the flashing waters of Terni, is compared to love watching madness,—

“But on the verge,

From side to side, beneath the glittering moon,
An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed,—and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all its beams unshorn,
Resembling 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness, with unalterable
mien—”

This simile is in itself immortal; instinct with unfading, deathless beauty.

The character sketches scattered through “Childe Harold” are forcible and just, giving nerve and vigor to the more subjective portions of the poem. That of Napoleon partic-

ularly is probably as true and comprehensive as will ever be made, even if his life shall ever be written as it should be. That of Gibbon is excellent and characteristic; and the tributes to Italian genius in Galileo, Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, are graceful and truthful. It is not easy, however, to understand Lord Byron's sympathy with Tasso, though he is truer to history in his estimate of the Duke of Ferrara than the more politic or more charitable Goethe, who, in gratitude for his favorable experience of ducal courts, flung the mantle of his genius over one to whom History and Lord Byron may have been somewhat unjust; for Tasso was through life too conscious of his genius, and too sensitive of wrongs or slight, lacking that mental robustness which has characterized the greatest of our species. He who is conscious of that within which can court the Rhadamanthine justice of posterity, should surely, in calm self-reliance, disdain to conciliate the pity, or solicit the tardy suffrages of contemporaries. Byron himself, perhaps, indulged something too much in similar complaints, which could but serve to gratify the malice of enemies, or provoke the contempt of fools; yet no one better than he has stigmatized this weak egotism of suffering,—

"Each has his wrong, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil, all their
own." *Childe Harold.*

And in the "Prophecy of Dante," he has with much skill and truth to the nature of him whose verse he imitates, launched severe and prophetic strains on the part of one whose history had some points of resemblance with his own. The denunciation of the ingratitude of Florence to its greatest bard, harshly driven into exile, was not the less sincere that the ungrateful capital which had witnessed his own literary triumphs, and the land that should have been proud of his birth, were perhaps indicated in their southern prototypes.

There was a great resemblance, too, in their domestic infelicities; and if Boccaccio more than hinted that poets would do well to abstain from matrimony, past question, the wives of some of the most eminent had reason to regret that they had not practically contributed to the maintenance of Boccaccio's opinion.

Lord Byron speaks for Dante as the latter might well have spoken in his own person,

had he written in a language less flexible than his own. In spite of the obscurity, even the occasional *bizarrie* of his great poem, and the minute historical knowledge requisite for its right appreciation, Dante has exerted even an exoteric influence, which attests the grandeur of his intellect. We know that Goethe speaks of him with reverence, calling him a "Nature;" and the high prophetic poetic spirit which pervades the "Divine Comedy," more even than this magnificent eulogium, might justify his addition as a fourth to the grand trio, which has alone obtained the difficult suffrage of German criticism.

As there have been actors who have only wanted a stage, so there must have been many, before the invention and diffusion of printing, who wanted a theme or an opportunity to claim such share of immortality as may fall to the lot of humanity, and like the mass of common men, must be content to be as though they had never been; a tribute to such unknown potentialities, comes with peculiar grace from one who had early achieved a brilliant reputation,—

"Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best,
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not
lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they
compressed
The god within them, and rejoined the stars
Unlaurelled upon earth." — *Prophecy of
Dante. c. iv.*

There is thoughtful melancholy wisdom pervading the four cantos of the "Prophecy," which, like passages of a similar character in "Childe Harold," are in favorable contrast with the careless levity which pervades the "Vision of Judgment," and the polemical portions of "Don Juan."

The idea of Prometheus attracted Byron, as it had done Æschylus, Goethe, and Shelley—and if the wrongs, the woes, the wrath and defiance of the Titan were to be set forth in verse, none better than he could have arrayed these emotions in words, more fitted to brave the sensual omnipotence of Olympus; but the fable is too transparent to be of deep or permanent poetic interest;—for Truth is as much the essence of the highest Poetry, as of Science itself.

Primitive human nature invented a God in its own likeness, knowing no better or higher model—a jealous and a brutal god, who used

his omnipotence as the worst Cæsar afterwards used his sceptre, and by immolating on its altar a victim nobler than the god, justified itself in irreverence. But we, wiser than our fathers, may recognise a Prometheus who triumphs not vainly in defying a tyrannical omnipotence, or in proclaiming the sufferings which baffled desire of power or of knowledge, must inflict—a Prometheus not equalling himself with God, and raging in his baffled impotentiality, but a mightier Titan, who, if he has not succeeded in the autogenic creation of man, has yet brought down fire from heaven unrebuked, and who has wrung from matter its eternal secrets; and has made the modern man more potent than the gods of the ancient Olympus; who has taught him to defy the tempest, to curb and direct the lightning, to eradicate the most fatal and desolating disease, to call from their dark homes the genii of the lamp of knowledge, as patient and docile slaves of that Reason which has taught him that through obedience, and not defiance, lies the road to power.

The elder Prometheus was a true, but unintended symbol of antique human reason striving to obtain knowledge in its own way, by questioning itself with barren activity, while all around lay, awaiting the efforts of the modern Titan, those great but unsuspected secrets which have been the magnificent reward of a wiser desire for Truth.

The exquisite music of the "Hebrew Melodies," and the half reverential, half sensual tone which pervades them, are as favorable and beautiful an example of Lord Byron's powers as the finest passages in "Childe Harold;" even as in them, the objective and subjective elements of poetry blend in perfect harmony, and leave an impress on the mind and on the feelings which abstract, or merely cold representations of tenderness or reverence but feebly imitate.

If it is the whole scope and aim of the drama, as surely it must be, to hold the "mirror up to Nature," then it is useless to criticise Lord Byron's dramatic works, as such; of female tenderness, self-denial, and heroism, there are many examples in his dramas; they are the heroines of his earlier poetical tales, with a little more of the detail and amplification required by a different form of writing; the female element in our living world is like air and water in the natural world, indispensable and all-pervading, but

best calm and tranquil, ministering to the daily requirements of our lives, not often rising into passion and vehemence; by so much the more as it possesses these latter characteristics, by so much the less is it feminine, or entitled to the privileges of the sex; so that heroism and resolution, that defiance of pain, danger, and hardest of all, disgrace, which we know women can exhibit better than ourselves, because impelled thereto by a more disinterested affection, or a purer love, do not constitute the natural or principal features of the sex, and as broader and more striking traits, less difficult to delineate, than the gentle, graceful, and useful qualities which they possess for our advantage.

To the male actors the same remarks apply; there is much of what is poetical in the sentiments they utter, little of what is natural or tangible in their characters; they are voices more than entities.

But if Lord Byron was a feeble dramatist, he was at least the greatest master of our language, and unrivalled in his knowledge of the varied and dangerous weapons of satiric verse. The coarse ridicule of Aristophanes, the lively sarcasm of Horace, the stern but half-acted indignation of Juvenal, the pedantic injustice of Boileau, the envenomed acrimony of Pope, the fierce invectives of Churchill, are all surpassed when Lord Byron ridicules or scourges the objects of his aversion or contempt. That he was grievously unjust in more than one instance may now be admitted, but the fierce contempt and withering sarcasm of the Irish Avatar, while they attest his unrivalled supremacy in this dangerous power, were at least justified by their object.

In surveying Lord Byron's finished works, however great and just may be the admiration they sometimes excite, there is yet a sense of something wanting to the completeness of their effect, which might have been in part supplied had he lived to finish the projected fifth canto of "Childe Harold." Perhaps, too, it had been better for this effect had he published nothing after the conclusion of the fourth canto of the poem. "Don Juan," though it could only have been produced in the very maturity of his powers, which perhaps never quite attained their full development, through his early death, comes upon us unseasonably, like the light music of a masque or revel when we have just been

wrapt in the deep-toned and solemn harmony of a cathedral organ; yet in "Don Juan," the magnificent "Isles of Greece" remind us of the half-inspired strains he could still pour forth; they produce a feeling of vexation that he should have descended to employ his matchless powers of versification on unworthy topics. But our objections are on æsthetic, not moral grounds; it is idle to suppose that this witty and brilliant production ever made one man the worse for reading it, and as showing the flexibility of the language, is a sort of literary curiosity; but it should have appeared, if it were to appear at all, before those of his compositions which in their deep, sometimes reverential, always poetical spirit, had worthily heralded the death of one who was old in the prime of manhood.

He had outlived his prospects, his cup of life had, as he said, been drained too deeply: there was no fit home for him in the "inviolate isle," which he secretly loved and regretted—his heart had scarcely found a fit object for its affections, even if one so wayward and so capricious had deserved to find so priceless a treasure;—and when tidings of his death in a gallant cause, in a romantic land, and amidst a degenerate people, reached the shores of England, the strong feelings of pity, admiration, and regret, which had a place in every English heart, would have been dignified and consecrated, if the last touching and noble stanzas of "Childe Harold" had been ringing, like a peal of distant bells, in our ears.

We have more than once mentioned that a most important work, consisting of the "Correspondence of Napoleon I.," was in preparation by the French government. We have now to announce that the first volume of it, a quarto, of 800 pages, has just been printed at the Imperial Printing Office in Paris, in the very highest style of modern typographical art. The contents of the volume begin with the siege of Toulon, which Napoleon himself justly considered as the commencement of his public life; and ends with the defeat of Wurmser, in the Italian campaign. From the very long time this one volume has been in preparation, it seems likely that it will require many years to complete the work. The correspondence is being prepared for publication by a special commission of eminent official personages, M. P. Merimeé, of the French Academy, being, however, the only one of them who is of literary note. In addition to a careful consultation of the letters and other documents of Napoleon, not fewer than 65,600 in number, existing in the government offices, the archives, and the public libraries of France, appeals have been addressed to foreign sovereigns, governments, and institutions, the members of Napoleon's family, the families of the principal personages of the Empire, and private individuals of all degrees and all countries, to communicate letters or other documents emanating from him, which they may happen to possess; and these appeals have been readily responded to. Moreover, all the books published about Napoleon, stated to be some 10,000 in number, have been examined. Of the immense mass of letters in existence very few are in the actual handwriting of Napoleon—his practice having been to dictate—but the authenticity of all given, or to be given in the collection, is alleged to be undoubted. Each letter is, too, says the commissioner, to be given

exactly as it was written, even though it may happen to contain bitter censure on individuals. Prefixed to the first volume is a report of the commission on the manner in which they have executed the task confided to them; but it is written in such an inflated style, that it had better far have been omitted.—*Literary Gazette.*

A BACKWARD RELATION.—Mr. Quintin Dick once entertained a large party to dinner, when a sailor knocked violently at the door, and insisted on immediate admission to Mr. Quintin Dick. The servant, supposing he had some message from Mr. D's relations in India, introduced him into the dining-room. Mr. Dick rose: and the sailor, reaching out his hand, said, "Is your name Quintin Dick?" "It is; at your service." "By Jupiter, I'm glad of it: give us your hand, old boy—my name's Dick Quintin; and, by the powers, we'll have a drop of grog together." The effect on the company may be easily imagined. Mr. Dick took it in good humor, gave the man half-a-crown, and told the servant to take him into the kitchen, and give him plenty to eat and drink.

MILTON AGAINST THE BISHOPS.—"Episcopacy before all our eyes worsens and slugs the most learned and seeming religious of our ministers, who no sooner advanced to it, but, like a seething pot set to cool, sensibly exhale and reek out the greatest part of that zeal and those gifts which were formerly in them, settling in a skinny congealment of ease and sloth at the top; and if they keep their learning by some potent away of nature, 'tis a rare chance; but their devotion most commonly comes to that queazy temper of luke-warmness, that gives a vomit to God himself."—*Milton, of Reformation*, p. 13.

ON READING SOME EXPRESSIONS OF
REJOICING AT WATT'S RELEASE.*

“Ibi omnis Effusus labor.”

SPEAK not of gladness! let no word of pride
Hail the late boon, too poor to be denied.
He comes—escaped the dungeon and the chain,
Oppression's victim nears his home again.
His home? Alas! no joyous flush appears
On his worn cheek—no dew of rapt'rous tears;
His native breeze plays round him, yet it brings
No thrill of life—no healing on its wings;
His eye is lustreless—his fiftful gaze
O'er unremembered objects idly strays,
And if he starts, 'tis but at shadows cast
On the blank Present from the hideous Past;
Received by Albion from the subject sea,
He treads her soil, nor feels that he is free!

Ah! who can tell what ling'ring torments
wrought

The fall of reason, and the wreck of thought!
What strokes of subtlest cruelty befell
The freeborn captive in a despot's cell;
How harshly grated on a Briton's ear
The gaoler's threat—the slave-official's sneer;
How rank the stifling air—how faint the ray
That mocked his yearnings for excluded day!
Think of the loathsome meal, the fetter'd limb,
The weary night-watch in that dungeon dim;
Think, sadder yet, of all the ills that flow
From uncongenial fellowship in woe
Unspeakable—when oaths encounter pray'r,
And Crime taunts Grief, and Folly mocks Des-
pair!

Think yet again—and in that little word
Condense all sorrow—think of hope defer'd!
As the poor Captive sickening hour by hour,
Invoked the vision of his country's pow'r,
And vainly deem'd her arm, outstretched to
save,

Would reach the sufferer in that living grave!
Such was his prison cheer. At home, the
while,

Soft Clarendon assumed his blandest smile,
Sooth'd startled Peers with laudatory tales
Of Naples law, and Bomba's pleasant gaols;
Retail'd the flatt'ries of his Court, and proved
The Pirate King, “a man to be beloved!”

Oh! for a voice of pow'r to urge the suit
Which WATT might urge—but those wan lips
are mute—

A voice high-pitch'd above the vulgar cries
Of shouting mobs or pack'd majorities;
Such as might echo with indignant roar
The note of Freedom heard from Piedmont's
shore,

And cry in Britain's half-awaken'd ear,
“Stand for the Right, true wisdom dares not
fear.”

’Tis not too late for Britain!

But for him—

The wrong'd, the sorrow-scathed—Hope's star
is dim.

Well may we blush, and droop the pensive head,
And breathe faint dirges o'er the living dead;

* Mr. Watt is one of the British Engineers
wrongfully imprisoned by the King of Naples—
and by severity and exposure reduced to idiocy.

Kind hearts should weep, and earnest voices
pray,

For the last victim of tyrannic sway.
Lo! as he passes, varying passions speak,
In gather'd brow, set lip, or changing cheek.
The hack Diplomatist, whose parchment soul
Long use has shrivell'd to a protocol,
Shrugs as he gazes—raps his box—and pays
The tribute of some enigmatic phrase;
The fierce Conspirator, with laws at strife,
Sets his teeth hard, and clutches at his knife,
And whilst of anarchy and blood he dreams,
Blends human pity with his ruthless schemes;
The Patriot meditates the stern appeal
To Britain's Senate, pledged to guard her
weal,

And only vows the recreant dupes to brand
Whose base connivance shamed their native
land;

While outraged Piety, tho' all untaught
To pray for vengeance, or to curse in thought,
Yet shudders o'er the unrequited wrong,
And, with blanch'd lip, half falters “Lord! how
long!”

—The Press.

“FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.”

A FATHER and his little son
On wintry waves were sailing;
Fast, from their way, the light of day
In cloud and gloom was failing,
And fiercely round their lonely bark
The stormy winds were waifing.

They knew that peril hover'd near;
They pray'd—“O Heaven deliver!”
But a wilder blast came howling past,
And soon with sob and shiver,
They struggled in the icy grasp
Of that dark, rushing river.

“Cling fast to me, my darling child,”
An anguished voice was crying;
While, silvery clear, o'er tempest drear,
Rose softer tones replying—
“O, mind not me, my father dear;
I'm not afraid of dying;
O, mind not me, but save yourself,
For mother's sake, dear father;
Leave me, and hasten to the shore,
Or who will comfort mother?”

The angel forms that ever wait,
Unseen on men attendant,
Flew up, o'erjoy'd to heaven's bright gate,
And there on page resplendent,
High over those of hero's bold,
And martyrs famed in story,
They wrote the name of that brave boy,
And wreathed it round with glory.

God bless the child! ay, he did bless
That noble self-denial,
And safely bore him to the shore,
Through tempest, toil and trial.
Soon in their bright and tranquil home,
Son, sire, and that dear mother,
For whose sweet sake so much was done,
In rapture met each other.

—London Journal.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *Letters of James Boswell, addressed to the Rev. W. J. Temple. Now first published from the Original MSS. With an Introduction and Notes.* 1 vol. 8 vo. London, 1857.
2. *Boswelliana.* Edited for the Philobiblon Society. By Richard Monckton Milnes. 4to. London, 1856.
3. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Edited by the Right Honorable John Wilson Croker. 1 vol. Imperial 8vo. London, 1847.

THE contemporaries of Boswell had a higher opinion of his abilities than prevails at present. Lord Buchan said "he had genius, but wanted ballast to counteract his whim." Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," bore testimony to his "acuteness and gaiety of conversation." Sir William Forbes acknowledged that his "talents were considerable," and a writer, who was probably Isaac Reed, described him in the "European Magazine" "as a man of excellent natural parts, on which he had engrained a great deal of knowledge." His social powers were universally recognized. "If general approbation," Johnson wrote to him in 1778, "will add anything to your enjoyment, I can tell you that I have heard you mentioned as a person whom everybody likes. I think life has little more to give." The next year Johnson writes to him, "The more you are seen the more you will be liked;" and describing him to a lady, he said "Boswell is a man who I believe never left a house without leaving a wish for his return." David Hume speaks of him in a letter as being "very good-humored, very agreeable, and very mad." Burke doubted if he were fit to be a member of the Literary Club, but it was before they were acquainted and when he was elected the great statesman was won over by an hilarity so abounding and spontaneous that he maintained it to be no more meritorious than to possess a good constitution. To Boswell's other qualities for enlivening a circle was joined a talent for mimicry which was then in fashion among the wits of the metropolis, most of whom employed it, as he tells in his "Life of Johnson," to add piquancy to their anecdotes. In his boyhood he had imitated in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre the lowing of a cow with such success, that there was a general cry in the gallery "Encore the cow!" He attempted to

vary the performance with very inferior effect and Dr. Hugh Blair, who sat next him, whispered in his ear, "Stick to the cow, mon!" His proficiency in the art increased with years, and in a trial of skill between himself and Garrick to see which could give the best personation of Johnson, he absolutely outdid the incomparable actor, who was famous for the faculty, in the conversational part, and was only surpassed by him in the inferior branch of taking off their friend's method of reciting verse. Hannah More was the umpire. With the accuracy of distinction for which he was celebrated, Johnson has remarked that mimicry requires great powers, though it is to make a mean use of them—"great acuteness of observation, great retention of what is observed, and great pliancy of organs to represent what is observed." It is not a little singular that a work which has conferred an immortality upon Boswell far beyond what the most indulgent of his applauding friends would have supposed him capable of attaining, should be the very ground with posterity for questioning his abilities. That a dunce should have produced a biography which, by general confession, stands at the head of its own department of literature—a department so difficult that it can boast fewer masterpieces than any other species of composition—is without a parallel, and hardly conceivable. Imbecility and absurdity could not of themselves give birth to excellence. To exaggerate Boswell's weaknesses was perhaps impossible, but the talents which mingled with them have sometimes been denied or underrated, and a paradoxical antithesis has been set up between the folly of the man and the greatness of his book. His reasoning faculties were, no doubt, small; he was childishly vain and often silly in his conduct; all of which may be equally affirmed of Lord Nelson, and yet did not prevent the co-existence of genius. The "Life of Johnson" is rendered in some degree more entertaining by the foibles of its author, but its plan and execution, everything which constitutes its enduring interest and value, are due to mind and skill, and not to the absence of these qualities.

Johnson asserted in 1773 that up to that period there had been no good biography of any literary man in England. "Besides," he said, "the common incidents of life, it should tell us his studies, his mode of living,

the means by which he attained to excellence and his opinion of his own works." There were two things which he was confident he could do well—state what a book ought to be, and why it fell short of the conception. This must have been more particularly the case with biography, which was his favorite pursuit, and one upon which he had reflected much. Yet before he had uttered the observation which embodied his scheme Boswell had framed a far superior plan, and his correspondence is evidence, if any evidence could be required, that his work was original by design, and not by chance. "I am absolutely certain," he writes to his friend Temple, "that my mode of biography, which gives not only a history of Johnson's visible progress through the world, and of his publications, but a view of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a Life than any work that has yet appeared." Several persons had reported the conversations of eminent writers, many had given collections of letters to the world, but nobody before Boswell had framed a distinct idea of combining them into a life-like portrait; of reproducing departed greatness upon paper; of depicting habits, talk, manners, disposition, and appearance, with the fullness and exactness of reality. Biography had been cultivated by the ancients as well as the moderns; and after hundreds had tried their hands upon it for centuries, it was no small intellectual distinction to be the first to perceive its true compass and capabilities. Neither was it a mere mechanical task to fill up the outline. Boswell was not very witty, nor very wise, but he had an exquisite appreciation of wit and wisdom. He avows again and again that he only recorded portions of what he heard, and the internal evidence would prove of itself, without his assertion, that he winnowed his matter. No wholesale and servile report could possess the vigor and raciness of his selections. In one or two instances others have retailed the same conversations as himself at more than treble the length, and with not a tithe of the spirit. His tact is the more remarkable, that he carefully treasured up trifles, when, to use his own words, "they were amusing and characteristic," and it is seldom in these cases that his judgment is at fault. Fitzherbert said that it was not every man who could carry a

bon mot, and probably no man carries witticisms correctly, who has not himself a full comprehension of their point. Boswell carried repartees, maxims, and arguments with accuracy, because he felt their force, and throughout his work details them in a manner which shows the keenness of his relish. To follow the hum of conversation with so much intelligence, and amid the confused medley to distinguish what was worthy to be preserved, required unusual quickness of apprehension, and cannot be reconciled to the notion that he was simply endowed with strength of memory. His sharp eye for manners and motives taught him in addition to preserve the dramatic vitality of his scenes. "The incidental observations," says Mr. Croker, "with which he explains or enlivens the dialogue, are terse, appropriate, and picturesque—we not merely hear his company, we see them."

His perception, again, of character was acute. His portraits not only of Johnson, but of the society grouped around his central figure, are marked by the nicest lines of individuality. Goldsmith, Garrick, Beauclerk, and Dr. Taylor, are drawn with a vividness which could hardly be eclipsed, and, what is the perfection of the art, the result is produced by half-a-dozen easy strokes. He possessed the rare faculty of being able to single out the precise traits which were peculiar to each person, and whoever tries to imitate him will learn to respect the felicitous touches of his discriminating pen. "Few people," said Johnson, "who have lived with a man know what to remark about him. The chaplain of Bishop Pearce, whom I was to assist in writing some memoirs of his Lordship, could tell me scarcely anything." He wanted in his early days of authorship to give a Life of Dryden, and applied for materials to Swinney and Colley Cibber, the only two persons then alive who had seen him. Swinney had nothing to relate of so famous a personage, except that at Will's coffee-house he had a chair by the fire in winter, when it was called his winter chair, and that it was set in the balcony in summer, when it was called his summer chair. Cibber asserted that he was as well acquainted with him as if he had been his own brother, and could tell a thousand anecdotes of him, but his reminiscences were summed up in the barren announcement "that he recollected him a decent old man, arbiter of critical dis-

putes at Will's." In the latter case Johnson thought that the poverty of the information was partly explained by the little intimacy which Dryden was likely to have permitted to Cibber, in spite of his boasted familiarity. "He has perhaps one leg only in the room, and durst not draw in the other." Derrick was sent to Dryden's relations with no better result. "I believe," said Johnson, "he got all that I should have got myself, but it was nothing." In the "Rambler" he states that there are not many who can describe a living acquaintance except by his grosser peculiarities. Swinney, Cibber, and his own relations could not describe the great poet at all. Notwithstanding the immense advantage of having the masterly model of Boswell to work by, the Lives which have appeared since his time have not tended to weaken the opinion expressed by Johnson of the extreme difficulty of the art of biographical portraiture. With rare exceptions the authors have neither known what to tell, nor what to leave untold.

The value of Boswell's graphic narrative is vastly increased by the minute fidelity of the representation. Sir Joshua Reynolds observed of the veracious Johnson, that, admirable as he was in sketching characters, he obtained distinctness at the expense of perfect accuracy, and assigned to people more than they really had, whether of good or bad; but to Boswell's book the great painter gave the remarkable testimony, that every word of it might be depended upon as if delivered upon oath. Though many persons, when it appeared, were displeased with the way in which they themselves were exhibited, no one accused him of serious misrepresentation, or of sacrificing truth to effect. He never heightened a scene, exaggerated a feature, improved a story, or polished a conversation. His veneration for his hero could not entice him into smoothing down his asperities. Hannah More begged that he might be drawn less rudely than life. "I will not cut off his claws," Boswell roughly replied, "nor make a tiger a cat, to please anybody."

When it was asserted in Johnson's presence that the "life of a mere literary man could not be very entertaining," Johnson replied "that this was a remark which had been made and repeated without justice." He had previously written a paper in the "Idler" to disprove the opinion by argument, and had since done much in his "Lives of the Poets" to

disprove it by example. He affirmed in conversation that no mode of existence had more interesting variety, and in his essay he pointed out that, besides partaking of the common condition of humanity, a writer is exposed to many vicissitudes which were peculiar to his craft. He argued that the life of a literary man might be very entertaining as a *literary* life, and that, as the "gradations of a general's career were from battle to battle, those of an author's were from book to book." Boswell has added to his other distinctions that he has even gone beyond the position of his hero, and has demonstrated that the history of a literary man may not only be as entertaining as any other, but may be "without exception the most entertaining book ever read." This is his own judgment of his "Life of Johnson," and posterity has confirmed the verdict. The wit, the wisdom, the anecdote, the talk of famous men and the talk about them, the strangeness and vivacity of the incidents, the singularity and eminence of the characters, the whole of a grand scene in a great period, revealed, as it were, both to the eye and ear, combine to render his book the most fascinating and instructive that ever issued from the press.

The "Letters of Boswell," which have recently appeared, exhibit him rather in his weakness than his strength. Many of them ought never to have seen the light, and they have been edited with a flippancy and a bad taste which are far too glaring to need exposure. The contradictory elements of which Boswell's character was compounded come out more strongly if possible in his private correspondence than in the works he gave to the world. The pride of ancient blood, he said in his "Tour to the Hebrides," was his predominant passion, and he tells Temple that his grand object in life is the family of Auchinleck. The importance he attached to his station was no doubt extravagant, and often broke out in a childish fashion, as, when some spurious lines by "Mr. Boswell" appeared in an obscure paper called the "Oracle," he went to the editor and got him to promise to mention "handsomely" that they were not by James Boswell, Esq. But his respect for the aristocracy of rank was swallowed up in his veneration for the aristocracy of genius. "I have the happiness," he wrote to Lord Chatham, "of being capable to contemplate with supreme delight those distin-

guished spirits by which God is sometimes pleased to honor humanity." To these he attached himself with a fervor which no ridicule could abate, and he is immortal through his devotion to the plebeian Johnson, who declared, "I have great merit in being zealous for the honors of birth, for I can hardly tell who was my grandfather." The narrow-minded old judge who really believed that a knowledge of the technicalities of law was a higher acquisition than any literary attainment, and that to be Laird of Auchinleck was a loftier distinction than to be a Johnson or a Burke, upbraided his son "for going over Scotland with a *brute*." The son who, in spite of his own assertion, had a far more predominant passion than pride of blood, exclaimed, when relating the circumstance, "Think how shockingly erroneous!" He had equal enthusiasm for General Paoli; and when he brought both his idols together and acted as interpreter between them, he happily compared himself to an isthmus connecting two great continents. He did not, however, in his zeal for Corsica and its hero, commit the often quoted absurdity of parading himself at the Stratford Jubilee with the label "Corsica Boswell" on his hat. Davies, who is the sole authority for the assertion, withdrew it when better informed, and substituted a version which agrees with that which was given at the time in the "London Magazine." The struggles of Corsica for independence had roused popular sympathy in England. Boswell's account of the island and people had been recently published, and generally applauded; and in the midst of the attention which he himself had largely contributed to attract to the cause, he went to the Stratford *masquerade*, where everybody appeared in a fancy dress, habited as a Corsican chief. The true inscription embroidered upon his cap was *Viva la Liberta*, which referred to the character he personated. In this there was nothing preposterous, nor was it considered in the least inappropriate by his brother masqueraders. He was guilty, however, of the folly of putting on the Corsican costume when he called on Mr. Pitt to present a letter from Paoli. The great commoner, said Lord Buchan, who was present, "smiled, but received him very graciously in his pompous manner." A little later he wrote to the stately minister, now become Lord Chatham, and told him that he could labor hard, that he felt himself coming forward, and that he

hoped to be useful to his country, adding, "Could your Lordship find time to honor me now and then with a letter?" His friend Malone mentions among his qualities that he was an excellent judge of human nature, but, as frequently happens, self-conceit and self-interest would not permit him to apply to his own conduct the penetration which he displayed in his observation of others. He told Johnson that his father contrived to amuse himself with "very small matters." "I have tried this," he went on, "but it would not do with *me*." JOHNSON (laughing)—"No, sir: it must be born with a man to be contented to take up with little things." What Boswell supposed Johnson to have laughed at is impossible to be conjectured, but the same importance which led him to fancy that his vanities and frivolities were the reverse of little, would not allow him to perceive that the laugh was at *him*.

The ardor of Boswell's admiration for the products of intellect was sometimes displayed in curious ways. In a fit of melancholy he was distressed to think that in a new state of being the poetry of Shakspeare would not exist. A lady relieved him by saying, "The first thing you will meet with in the next world will be an elegant copy of Shakspeare's works presented to you." He repeated this to Johnson, and relates that the sage smiled benignantly, and did not appear to disapprove of the notion. In the case of any other person Boswell, as in the former instance, would have given a truer interpretation to a smile which was elicited by the gross absurdity of the supposition. Mr. Croker has put the circumstance into his index under the head of "Worldly-mindedness, singular instance of," and it may be questioned whether a second person ever existed who was tormented by the idea that no felicity could be perfect without a Shakspeare, or who would instantly have admitted into his religious creed the suggestion that he would meet with an "*elegant copy*" beyond the grave. Impious men may have talked such language in profane levity; Boswell alone could have adopted it in solemn seriousness.

In his determination to obtain the acquaintance of eminent persons he was often led to be forward and intrusive. He talked of going to Sweden with Johnson, and expressed a pleasure in the prospect of seeing the King. "I doubt, sir," said Johnson, "if he would

speak to us." "I am sure," subjoined Colonel Macleod, "Mr. Boswell would speak to *him*." This leads Boswell to offer "a short defence of his propensity," which "he hoped did not deserve so hard a name as impudence," which "had procured him much happiness," and which he thought must be excusable if it was praiseworthy to seek knowledge in defiance of any other description of difficulty. But there is the obvious difference that the laborious student involves no one except himself. His book cannot be disgusted by his advances, or mortify him by repulsing them. The strange mixture of jarring qualities is here again apparent. However Boswell might lower himself by forcing his way into company where he was unwelcome, the homage he showed to genius was rarely debased by any tincture of sycophancy. His worship of Johnson could not win him to acquiesce in many of the favorite opinions of his oracle. He differed stoutly upon the question of American Taxation, and his more catholic tastes would not permit him to be unjust to the novels of Fielding, the poetry of Gray, and the acting of Garrick. His was the independent, honest admiration of what was truly admirable. He simply paid to the living author the respect which posterity admits to be due to the name, works, and conversation of Johnson. As he said himself, "It is a noble attachment, for the attractions are genius, learning, and piety." Even the sarcasm and vehemence of the master, before which most people quailed, could not awe the pupil into a seeming compliance. Notwithstanding that in his argumentative contests with his friend he was little better than an untrained stripling in the hands of a brawny and dexterous prize-fighter, he continued, as long as he was able, to return blow for blow, was always ready to re-enter the ring where he had so often been mauled, and in spite of ingenious sophistry and witty repartee, occasionally gained an advantage over his formidable opponent.

If Boswell's traditional respect for hereditary rank was overborne by his intenser admiration for self-raised genius, his abstract notions of dignity were equally contradicted by his native sociality of disposition. He calls himself to Temple "the proud Boswell," and talks of his "Spanish stateliness of manner." One of his resolutions of amendment when the publication of his Account of Cor-

sica should have given him a character to support was "to be grave and reserved." But nature was stronger than artifice. "You are a philosopher," said Mr. Edwards, an old fellow-collegian, to Dr. Johnson; "I have tried, too, in my time, to be a philosopher, but I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in." Boswell relates that Burke, Reynolds, and all the eminent persons to whom he repeated this remark thought it an exquisite trait of character that simple Mr. Edwards should so ludicrously mistake the nature of philosophy, and should labor in vain to get rid of a blessing and set up melancholy in its stead. Yet the biographer who joined in the smile did the same thing when he fruitlessly endeavored to supplant geniality by haughtiness, a virtue by a vice, and in spite of his efforts to be distant and self-important good-humor and good-fellowship were "always breaking in." He would have learnt to value his native disposition if the conclusive observation of Baxter had ever occurred to his mind, that, howsoever proud a man may be himself, he always loves humility in others. Vanity, indeed, Boswell retained in abundance, but it was familiar and not stately, intrusive and not reserved, inviting liberties rather than repelling advances. He shared for a short time a set of chambers in London with a younger brother of his friend Temple, a half-pay lieutenant. He lamented to the elder Temple that he had unluckily allowed his fellow-lodger to be too free with him, and owned he was hurt to be upon an equality with the military stripling. His own age was but twenty-three. He soon apparently abandoned a struggle in which he was always defeated. "He was generally liked," Lord Stowell told Mr. Croker, "as a good-natured, jolly fellow;" but to the inquiry, "Was he respected?" Lord Stowell replied, "Why, I think he had about that proportion of respect you might guess would be shown to a jolly fellow." Stiffness would have been torture to a man of his animal spirits and convivial temperament. His reason for liking the society of players and soldiers was because they surpassed all others "in animation and relish of existence." "His eye" is said by the writer in the "European Magazine" "to have glistered, and his countenance to have lighted up, when he saw the human face divine." This social propensity, which broke in an instant through the chilling reserve

habitual to Englishmen, put strangers immediately at ease with him. "No man," he tells Temple, "has been more successful in making acquaintances than I have been; I even bring people on quickly to a degree of cordiality." But, with his usual *naïveté*, he mistook the cause of his success, and instead of perceiving that his own frankness and cordiality kindled heartiness in others, he seemed to fancy that it sprung up spontaneously towards himself from some indefinable fascination of appearance. After relating that in a journey to Scotland an agreeable young widow in the coach nursed his lame foot on her knee, he triumphantly subjoins, "Am I not fortunate in having something about me that interests most people at first sight in my favor?" His chief defect as a companion was, as he acknowledges, that he talked at random, and in the exuberance of his spirits sometimes talked too much. "Boswell shall talk to you," was one of the inflections with which Beauclerk playfully threatened Lord Charlemont.

For the principles of mankind to be better than their practice is far too frequent an inconsistency to be particularly characteristic; but even this common contradiction becomes noticeable in Boswell from the excess to which he carried it. In his opinions he was religious and moral, in his conduct a libertine and a drunkard. In acknowledging to Temple, at the age of twenty-six, some of his licentious proceedings, he adds, "You may depend upon it that very soon my follies will be at an end, and I shall turn out an admirable member of society." A little later and he fixes a period when what he calls "his perfection" is to commence. The period arrives, and he confesses that "he has been as wild as ever," but declares that, "if there is any firmness at all in him, he will never again behave in a manner so unworthy of the friend of Paoli." This protestation was succeeded by more relapses, and more futile promises of perfection. His appetites to the last continued to get the better of his virtue. His love of wine increased with years, and he died prematurely at the age of fifty-five from the effects of dissipation. Besides his general turn for conviviality, he had recourse to the bottle to drive away care; for, like most joyous men, he was liable to corresponding periods of depression. One of his latest dreads was lest he should be carried off in a

fit of intoxication. In the midst of these excesses he never ceased to bewail his offences, and to acknowledge how much they degraded him. His reverence for religion is frequently manifested in his "Life of Johnson," and his "Letters" contain an instance of his respect for it which would hardly have been looked for in a person so lax in his habits. A Mr. Nicholls, who from various circumstances appears to have been the person known as the friend of the poet Gray,* related at Boswell's house, that when he presented himself for ordination to Archbishop Drummond, and was asked what divinity he had read, he answered, "None at all;" that the archbishop replied he would send him to a clergyman who would examine him *properly*—implying that his examination would be a farce; that the clergyman set him to write upon the necessity of a Mediator, and that, hardly understanding what was meant, he scribbled "some strange stuff as fast as he would do a card to a lady." He repeated the incident with profane levity, avowing himself to be perfidious to the Archbishop, if the story was true, and a calumniator if, as Boswell believed, it was false—

"And if he lies not must at least betray."

In either case he was a traitor to the flock whom he professed to guide, a hypocrite, and a cheat. The man whose life is a standing fraud upon the most important of all subjects can never be believed upon any. A second infidel was present at the conversation, and Boswell confined himself to looking rebuke, because, he said, "If I had argued upon the impropriety of the story, the matter would have been made worse, while they were two to one." But he declared he would never again admit Nicholls into his house, and twice called upon him to remonstrate without being able to meet with him till he was stepping into his chaise to go southwards. "Perhaps," he adds, "it was as well that I did not

* Boswell speaks of Nicholls as exhibiting "a foppery unbecoming in a clergyman." Foppery was one of the littlenesses of Gray; and his friends appear in this respect to have resembled him. In a letter from an unknown correspondent of Temple, and which, though printed with the initials N. N. R., would, we suspect turn out upon investigation to have come from this same Norton Nichols, an observation of Dr. Robertson, the historian, is reported, "that when he saw Mr. Gray in Scotland, he gave him the idea of a person who meant to pass for a very fine gentleman." Dr. Robertson himself is described as "a nervous man, who talks broad Scotch."

see him. You know I speak pretty strongly." Boswell to be sure kept company with David Hume, telling him, however, that he was not clear that it was right, and excusing himself upon the ground that his infidel friend was much better than his books. The historian at any rate was not guilty of shocking the ears of his believing associates with impieties which proved the dishonesty of the man, without any reference to the credibility of the faith of the Christian.

The errors, foibles, and inconsistencies of Boswell appear doubly glaring from his habit of blazoning them. He one day mentioned to Johnson that he was "occasionally troubled with a fit of narrowness." "Why, sir," replied Johnson, "so am I. *But I do not tell it.*" This Boswell relates to illustrate his assertion that the extraordinary liberality of his hero was combined with "a propensity to paltry saving," instead of perceiving that it was meant to rebuke his own inconsiderate loquacity.* As Swift says, some grains of folly are part of the composition of human nature, only the choice is left us whether we please to wear them embossed or inlaid, and it was Boswell's choice to wear his embossed. He extenuated Goldsmith's envy by the plea that he frankly owned it upon all occasions. Johnson maintained that it was an aggravation of the charge; "for what," he said, "a man avows he is not ashamed to think." This, which is true of most people, is only a partial explanation of the singular candor of Boswell, who related the things which he acknowledged to be to his discredit with unparalleled openness. But Johnson's assertion is to a great extent applicable to the ostentatious conceit of his biographer, who was far too vain to blush at the ebullitions of his vanity. He plainly thought that "pride should be its own glass, its own trumpet, its own chronicle," and he would never have assented to the remainder of Agamemnon's reflection, that "whatever praises itself but in the deed devours the deed in the praise."

* Among the miscellaneous observations of Johnson which Boswell has preserved there is one which was evidently directed against the biographer in person. "A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage. People may be amused and laugh at the time; but they will be remembered and brought out against him upon some subsequent occasion." The Duke of Wellington used to say that no one was ever the better for advice. Boswell assuredly was not an exception to the rule.

His confident creed upon this point could alone have induced him to publish the reprimand he received from Johnson "for applauding himself too frequently in company." "You put me in mind of a man who was standing in the kitchen of an inn with his back to the fire, and thus accosted the person next him—'Do you know, sir, who I am?' 'No, sir,' said the other, 'I have not that advantage.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I am the great Twalmley, who invented the New Floodgate Iron.'" Not in the least abashed by the comparison, Boswell is careful to add to the ridicule by explaining in a note that "what the great Twalmley was so proud of having invented was a species of box-iron for smoothing linen." In the entertaining extracts from one of his manuscripts, which Mr. Milnes edited for the Philobiblon Society, we find him recording that his friend Temple interrupted his boastful talk with the retort—"We have heard of many kinds of hobby-horses, but, Boswell, you ride upon yourself." The poignancy of the truth was even with him a temptation to preserve it. His love of a good saying made him treasure it up, although directed against himself. As he exposed in the works he published the thrusts he had received from Johnson as carefully as Antony exhibited the stabs in the mantle of Caesar, so he perpetrates in his note-book the wounds inflicted by inferior hands. He tells that he once complained of dullness in the presence of Lord Kames, who replied, "Yes, yes; Homer sometimes nods;" and upon his childishly construing the remark into a serious compliment, and being elated by the comparison, the old Judge, to sober him, added, "Indeed, sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer."

What he conceived to be the felicity of the image must have been his motive for setting down, undeterred by the rebuke of Temple, a vainglorious speech, when expressing his regret that the King had not promoted him. "I am already the statue; it is only the pedestal that is wanting." But he did not need the provocation of a pointed sentence to entice him into proclaiming his own merits. He imputes it to "some unhappy turn in the disposition" of his father—a man, he says, of sense and worth—that he was dissatisfied with his heir; and asks Temple if he would not feel a glow of parental joy in the possession of such a son?—Temple, to whom he

was for ever confessing vices and weaknesses of the most debasing kind. At the mature age of fifty he had still the assurance to write to his friend—"It is utter folly in Pitt not to reward and attach to his administration a man of my popular and pleasing talents." Yet, however much he may have overated himself in the aggregate, it is surprising how justly he judged his qualities in detail. When he warns Temple, on one occasion, against indulging in ambition, by reminding him that they had once expected to be the greatest men of their age, and exclaims on another occasion, "how inconsiderable we are in comparison with what we hoped we should be," he assigns their failure to its true cause, "their want of solidity and force of understanding." He exhorts the same friend to give over puzzling himself with political speculations, as being above his compass; for "neither of us," he says, "are fit for that sort of mental labor." In repeating Johnson's compliment to him, "that he did not talk from books," he adds that he was "afraid that he had not read books enough to be able to talk from them." He dined at the Fellows' table when he carried his son to Eton, and, fitting his conversation to his company, had "his classical quotations very ready;" but instead of vaunting his scholarship, confesses that the creditable part he contrived to keep up was due to "the art of making the most of what he had." He speaks of the pleasures of knowledge, and conceives they must be great to truly learned men, because "he who knew so little" has experienced them. "The ambition which," he says, "had ever raged in his veins like a fever," made him indulge in dreams of a brilliant reputation in Westminster Hall; but while he fostered the idea, he called it "a delusion," and expressed his belief that, if practice came, his want of acquaintance with the forms and technicalities of law would lead him "to expose himself." According to an anecdote related by Lord Eldon, he signally verified his own prophecy. At a Lancaster assizes he was found lying drunk upon the pavement, and the wags of the bar drew up a brief, which they sent with a guinea fee, instructing him to move for what they denominated the writ of *Quare adhæsit pavimento*. The judge was astounded, the bar laughed, and an *amicus curiæ* explained that it was the mover for the writ who, the night before

had adhered to the pavement. But it appears to us that the credulity which could credit the story must be at least as great as that which it imputed to Boswell. Nor, though Lord Eldon represents himself to have been among the actors in the scene, is the authority sufficient to countervail the inherent improbability of the incident. Many of his anecdotes were written in advanced age, at the request of his grandson, when the boundary which separates memory from imagination was broken down.* Some of them are known to be exceedingly inaccurate, and we have little doubt that, as constantly happens at his time of life, he had confounded things talked of with things done.* Whatever may have been Boswell's forensic foolery, the learned lawyers who made him the subject of their practical jokes could not have had a clearer perception than he himself displays in his letters that his talents were all of the lighter kind. Once, when mentioning that his second son "had much of his father," he subjoins the almost pathetic comment—"Vanity of vanities!" He carried his self-knowledge further still, and spoke as of an

* An instance of this common failing, and one of which he himself was the object, is mentioned by Boswell. An erroneous account of his first introduction to Johnson was published by Arthur Murphy, who asserted that he witnessed it. Boswell appealed to his own strong recollection of so memorable an occasion, and to the narrative he entered in his Journal at the time, to show that Murphy's account was quite inaccurate, and that he was not present at the scene. This Murphy did not venture to contradict. As Boswell suggested, he had doubtless heard the circumstances repeated till at the end of thirty years he had come to fancy that he was an actor in them. His good faith was unquestionable, and that he should have been so deluded is a memorable example of the fallibility of testimony, and of the extreme difficulty of arriving at the truth. Another story respecting Boswell in Lord Eldon's anecdote-book is an evident exaggeration. He represents Boswell as calling upon him at his chambers to ask his definition of *taste*. He refused to give an answer which he was sure would be published by his interrogator; but Boswell, he says, continued calling frequently to importune him on the subject. The importunity of Boswell would be credible enough, if the topic had been less strange, or even if the person to whom he applied had been Burke, Thurlow, or Reynolds. That, in spite of repeated refusals, he should have gone again and again on such an errand to Sir John Scott, who had paid no attention to matters of the kind, who made no pretension to literary or artistic connoisseurship, and whose mode of speaking and writing was peculiarly wanting in all the graces of composition, is far less likely than that this consummate lawyer in the decline of his faculties should have had a confused recollection of the transactions of his earlier days.

admitted fact of the "strong degree of madness in his composition." He wished the circumstance to be intimated to a lady with whom he was in love as an excuse for his irregularities, and with the intention of reconciling her to them. The very notion that he would advance his suit by proving himself to be a madman showed that he was mad. There were others besides David Hume who concurred in the idea that his extravagances were not wholly free from insanity. "The earth," wrote John Wilkes, during a drought which occurred contemporaneously with the publication of the "Life of Johnson," is as thirsty as Boswell, and as cracked in many places as he certainly is in one."

There is scarce a frailty in Boswell but is found in combination with some virtue which rarely unites with it. Johnson has remarked in "The Adventurer" that perhaps the commonest of all lies are lies of vanity. Boswell was among the vainest men that ever existed, and he was also among the most veracious. He neither invented circumstances to add to his credit, nor, as we have already remarked, concealed the facts which inflicted humiliation. He offered to a young lady, and told her, in pleading his cause, that it was a circumstance in his favor that she liked his family seat. "I wish," she replied, "I liked you as well as I do Auchinleck." Such rebuffs are detailed with the same frankness that he repeated a compliment. He cringed to Lord Lonsdale in the hope of being put into Parliament, and when his claims were rejected with disdain, and he suffered pangs from mortified pride and a sense of abasement endured in vain, he reveals his fault and his punishment to Temple with the openness that he would have related his triumphant election. Amid his many weaknesses, it should never be forgotten that he was truth itself.

As his vanity did not taint his veracity, so neither did his ambition generate envy. His passion for distinction, and the feeling often expressed till success at the close of his days attended his "Life of Johnson," that his career had been a failure, never rendered him jealous of those who had outstripped him in the race, or unjust to their merits. "Often," he wrote, "do I upbraid and look down upon myself when I view my own inferiority, and think how much many others, and amongst them you, Temple, are above me." He had a generous appreciation of

excellence wherever it was to be found; and though it has been sometimes alleged that he was hostile to Goldsmith, the charge, we think, proceeds upon the erroneous assumption that he has represented him unfairly. He has paid no grudging tribute to what was admirable in him, and his account of his weaknesses is confirmed by such a phalanx of testimony that we must reject historical evidence altogether if we are to refuse to believe that an Irishman, whose writings would charm us into the conviction that he was a model of graceful manners, elegant conversation, and upright conduct, was, with all his genius and virtues, awkward, envious, conceited, and dissolute.

With his wonted complacency, Boswell enters in his note-book that M. d'Ankerville said of him, "that he was the man of genius who had the best heart he had ever known." "In general," observed the flattering Frenchman, "the brain consumes the heart," and he instanced Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau. Whatever may be thought of the genius, Boswell's letters attest the assertion of Sir William Forbes, that his warmth of feeling was very great. Johnson applied to Garrick the Greek saying—"He that has friends has no friend;" adding, "He was so diffused he had no man to whom he wished to unbosom himself." Boswell, in his passion for society, and his rage for knowing every body, was more diffused than even Garrick, but on this head, as on so many others, he blended qualities which seldom coalesce, and had both friends and a friend. It is true he in one place intimates that his attachments were not durable, and, with the combined candor and vanity which were so eminently characteristic of him, he compared himself "to a taper which can light up a lasting fire, though itself is soon extinguished." But his inconstancy was of the kind which is inevitable with men whose social leanings are strong. He was hurried away by first impressions, and must often have found that faults which were hidden from superficial observation became apparent on a closer acquaintance. His select alliances were not less lasting because he had brief likings where colder minds would have remained apathetic. If his friendship survived the test of knowledge, it does not appear that he ever tired. His worship of Johnson rather increased than diminished, and he con-

tinued to cling to Paoli when the Corsican patriot had ceased to be a notoriety.

During the extreme depression which hung over him throughout his closing years, his spirits were still more sunk by seeing Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was wont to be esteemed the happiest man in the world, nearly as low as himself. The great painter, blind in one eye and in danger of losing the other, was debarred the use of his pencil, and was now brooding over the dismal apprehension of being compelled to lay it aside for ever. Boswell left the gayer scenes to which he fled for the dissipation of his own worse distress, to cheer with simulated vivacity the despondency of the friend to whose hospitality he was indebted for so many memorable acquaintances and brilliant hours. "I force myself," he writes, "to be a great deal with him, to do what is in my power to amuse him." This single sentence speaks volumes for the tender and thoughtful constancy of him who penned it.

The correspondence with Temple, which extends from Boswell's boyhood to his death, is marked throughout by unlimited confidence and undiminished regard. The tone is that of hearty and often of fervid friendship. In his youth his father opposed his entering the army, and Temple volunteered the loan of a thousand pounds, which was not accepted, to buy a commission in the Guards. Years afterwards Boswell referred to this proffered generosity in the language of glowing gratitude, and as establishing a claim for any assistance he could render. "Your kindness," he says, in answer to some consolatory words addressed to him in the latter part of his life, "fairly makes me shed tears." He attempted to write from his death-bed to this valued confidant, and, his strength failing him after the first line, he dictated the remainder, concluding with the words, "I ever am your old and affectionate friend here, and I trust hereafter." Once again, in the midst of his sufferings, which were acute, he set his son to communicate with Temple. "His affection for you," says the brief note, "remains the same." Apparently the dying man retained him in his heart to the last conscious beat. "We have both lost a kind, affectionate friend," wrote Boswell's brother, when announcing that all was over, "I shall never have such another."

Boswell appears in his usual motley colors

in his domestic relations, and warmth of heart is curiously combined with unfeeling conduct. "You say well," he wrote to Temple at twenty-seven, "that I find mistresses wherever I am." He had not only a rapid succession of charmers, but sometimes two or three together, and inclined to give the preference now to one, and now to another. The facility with which he transferred his adoration promised ill for the permanence of his allegiance when his choice was fixed, nor either before marriage or after did his affection long restrain his profligate propensities. He relates how, when he went to Auchinleck to soothe his wife during her sickness, he deserted her to get intoxicated at the house of his neighbors, or invited his boon companions to get drunk with him at his own. He confesses with contrition that often and often when she was ill in London he sallied out to indulge in festivities, and came back the worse for wine at unreasonable hours to disturb her repose. Yet although, with these proofs of his ill-behaviour, we cannot accept his assertion "that no one ever had a higher esteem, or a warmer love for a wife," it is certain that his fondness was far more fervent than is frequent among more considerate men. He loved Mrs. Boswell, but he loved dissipation also, and was much too weak to sacrifice the bad passion to the good. Hence he exhibits the anomaly of a husband at once faithless and doting—kind in intention, and constantly cruel in act. His affectionate nature broke out when his first-born son died immediately after his birth. This, which to many persons would have been only a disappointment, was a sorrow to him. Temple, who wanted the instincts to comprehend the distress, endeavored to console him by representing that affection was irrational where there was no knowledge of qualities to endear. Boswell answered that it was a question of feeling and not of reason, and that it was vain to argue against emotions which he had experienced to be real. He justified his tenderness by the example of Adam Ferguson, the author of the "Essay on Civil Society," who had been accustomed to maintain that till a child was four years old he was no better than a cabbage. The theorist became a parent, the infant died almost as soon as born, and he was plunged into grief. The stoicism of philosophy is only heard by those in whom nature is silent. But it was the loss of his wife which showed the duration of Boswell's

affection in its strength. Judging from the previous indications afforded by his career, we should have expected that the house of mourning would have been quickly forgotten in the house of feasting, and that new attachments would soon have obliterated the old in his supple heart. The miserable depression, on the contrary, into which he was cast by her death in 1789 continued, with rare intermissions, throughout the whole of the six years he survived her. His letters abound in piteous groans of anguish. The merriment which had heretofore flowed from an elastic mind, was now the labored effort to relieve a despondent spirit. "I walk upon the earth," he says in one letter, "with inward discontent, though I may appear the most cheerful man you meet." "I go into jovial scenes," he says in another, "but feel no pleasure in existence except the mere gratification of the senses. Oh! my friend, this is sad." It is upon this sad scene of hopeless dejection, aggravated by the attempted alleviations of debauchery, that the curtain finally falls, and leaves upon the mind the strangely mixed impression of amiable qualities marred by sensual indulgence, of talents rendered ridiculous by vanity and indiscretion, of truth and candor deprived of half their moral dignity by indiscriminate loquacity, and turned against their possessor through the many infirmities with which they were allied.

"There are few people," said Dr. Johnson to his future biographer shortly after they first met, "to whom I take so much as to you." The partiality which he conceived at the outset deepened with increased familiarity, and in 1773, when their intimacy had lasted for ten years, he wrote to Boswell, "Think only, when you see me, that you see a man who loves you, and is proud and glad that you love him." In 1777 he said to him in conversation, "My regard for you is almost greater than I have words to express," and a twelve-month later he reiterates in a letter "that he very highly esteemed, and very cordially loved him." The sarcasms which he sometimes aimed at his worshipper in conversation take nothing from the weight of his deliberate commendation. In the fervor of colloquial contest he spared, as his biographer states, and as the "Life" evidences, "neither sex nor age."

Once, when Boswell was lamenting that he had not been a contemporary of Pope, John-

son is reported to have burst forth with, "Sir, he is in the right, for perhaps, he has lost the opportunity of having his name immortalized in the 'Dunciad.'" On another occasion Boswell asked if a man might not be allowed to drink wine to drive away care, and enable him to forget what was disagreeable. "Yes, sir," replied Johnson, "if he sat next you." On a third occasion the company were talking how to get Mr. Langton out of London, where he was dissipating his fortune, and Boswell proposed that his friends should quarrel with him in order to drive him away. "Nay, sir," Johnson joined in, "we'll send you to him. If your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will." But his sarcasms were the sallies of the minute, produced by a passing provocation, as in the last of these instances the dictator confessed that he had spoken in anger to take revenge for some observations of Boswell during a discussion upon the Americans. The stroke is felt by him who receives when it is forgotten by him who gives it, and Johnson, who intended his antagonist to reel under the blow, always appeared surprised that he should smart from the bruise. "Poh, poh," he said to his biographer, when complaining of one of his retorts, "never mind these things." Except in the momentary heat of debate he never once varied from his panegyrical language, and, when coupled with the general popularity of Boswell, it may be taken for an evidence that his better qualities were most conspicuous to those who knew him, as his worse assume the greatest prominence now that they are no longer modified by the presence of that heartiness, vivacity, and good humor, which, to be felt, must have been known. But there were especial reasons why he should win upon Johnson. The literary monarch could not be insensible to the exuberant homage of the most devoted of his subjects. The perpetual liveliness, again, of Boswell, and his intense enjoyment of existence, were more than ordinarily attractive to a man whose principal effort in life was to drive away the gloom which clouded his mind. With this view, as he tells in the sketch of himself in the "Idler," under the name of Sober, his chief pleasure was conversation, and a tavern chair the throne of human felicity. "There," he said, "I experience an oblivion from care; I dogmatise and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opin-

ion and sentiments I find delight." No one ministered to his colloquial cravings with the same zeal and skill as the inquisitive young Scotchman, whose own passion was social converse, and who was eager to hear the sentiments of the dictator on all subjects, human and divine. Notwithstanding his eagerness for discussion and his denunciation of Englishmen for disregarding the common rights of humanity by their sullen silence when two strangers were shown into a room together, Johnson had the peculiarity of rarely opening his lips till his companions addressed him. He said that Tom Tyers had described him truly as being like a ghost, who never spoke till he was spoken to. Boswell did him the service to draw him out, and questioned and cross-examined him as a counsel might a witness, not only upon the passing topics of the day, but upon the events of his life, the characters he had known, and the opinions he had formed. Much as he must have loved to descant to an auditor so insatiable and discerning, he was sometimes weary of answering before Boswell was tired of asking. "I will not," he once broke out, "be baited with *what* and *why*; what is this? what is that? why is a cow's tail long? why is a fox's tail bushy?" Boswell pleaded that he ventured to trouble him because he was so good. "Sir," replied Johnson, "my being so good is no reason why you should be so ill." It added vastly to the charm of his inquiring companion that though an admiring he was not an obsequious listener. Johnson was a master of fence, and took supreme delight in the animation of contest and the pride of victory. Talk would have been tame to his apprehension with a deferential disciple, who flung down his weapon and acknowledged himself defeated at the first thrust. The pertinacity of Boswell, which roused him to exertion and gave him an opportunity for the display of his dexterity, was essential to his satisfaction. Even the profligacy of his disciple, which could not be entirely concealed from him, was in a large degree atoned for in his eyes by the better principles which accompanied it. The great moralist, as he was called, was at all times inclined to be over lenient to errors of practice as long as the principles continued sound, and the perpetual resolutions of poor Boswell to amend, and his ready submission to the observances of the church, might well keep

alive the toleration of infirmities which always seemed on the eve of extinction. In a note which Johnson wrote to introduce him to John Wesley, he says, "I give it with great willingness because I think it very much to be wished that worthy and religious men should be acquainted with each other." The advantage of a friendship which looks so ill-assorted at a casual glance and so perfectly suitable upon a closer inspection, was evenly balanced; and if the credit from the alliance was chiefly reaped by the lesser of the two, the biographer has amply repaid the distinction the living hero conferred. Johnson is the most remarkable exception upon record to his own maxim, "that the best part of an author will always be found in his writings." "He is greater," said Burke, "in Boswell's books than in his own"—a high compliment to Boswell as well as to the conversation of Johnson, and one which the illustrious statesman did not extend to the numerous other Lives and recollections which appeared when he remarked, in his forcible metaphorical style, "How many maggots have crawled out of that great body!"

Of all the persons who have made literature their exclusive profession, and who have risen from a low origin to a splendid reputation, Dr. Johnson is the most striking. He arrived in London poor and friendless. For years he remained in a state of beggary, his great faculties, and incessant toil, often failing to procure him the subsistence of a common laborer. Works which will last as long as the language brought him when most successful inadequate fame, and still less adequate profit. He had no lucky hits, till, at the age of 53, he obtained a pension of which the annual amount did not equal the sum that was constantly paid with a single brief to lawyers who were gifted with but a fraction of his powers. Oppressed with want, he was further the victim of a constitutional melancholy which darkened prosperity itself, and of a constitutional indolence the effect of his malady, which rendered exertion more than ordinarily irksome to him. With these accumulated disadvantages he never lost courage, though he must many times have lost hope. As he says in his letter to Lord Chesterfield, he was like "a man struggling for life in the water," but the water which went over his head could not go over his soul:—

"He did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with heart of controversy."

Amid all the subsequent inquiries which were addressed to him respecting his early days, no complaint of hardship or neglect, and, what is more to be wondered at, no boast of difficulties conquered, ever escaped his lips. Yet even this rare magnanimity makes but a small part of his moral greatness. He passed through these long years of privation with a "surly virtue" and a lofty independence which nothing could bend. Mixed up with a rabble of authors as hungry and ragged as himself, he was never seduced into imitating their laxity of principle and dishonest shifts. No superior was ever courted by him, no dishonorable act was ever done by him, no falsehood was ever spoken by him, no line opposed to conscience was ever penned by him. Far from lowering his spirit to his circumstances, his dignity amounted to haughtiness, and his resolution to stand by his convictions to dogmatism. As little did he attempt to adapt his writings to the taste of the multitude. Beginning life at a period when the tone of society was not high, his principal works were devoted to enforcing moral sentiments in stately diction, and it was consequently long before they attracted much notice. Slowly his uncouth figure emerged from the crowd, and in spite of an ungainly appearance, slovenly habits, and disputatious violence, he grew to be courted by his equals in genius, and his superiors in rank. The sun had no more power over him than the wind. He continued to maintain his bold bearing and rugged pertinacity, and was as stiff in opinion with Burke as with Tom Davies, in the saloon of Mrs. Montague as in the shop of Cave. Even the vigor of his thoughts and the energy of his language could not excuse the rude impetuosity of his disposition, but it is lost in a beneficence which was only bounded by his means, and which would of itself have entitled him to be remembered among the names whose example should be kept before the eyes of the world. The incomparable work of Boswell has not yet rendered it superfluous to ask attention to some of these grand circumstances in the character and career of Johnson. Though the attention of the public at large was recalled to it by the admirable edition of Mr. Croker,

which by explaining allusions, and supplying names, has given a personal interest to numerous passages which had become barren generalities, we have remarked with surprise how many educated people continue ignorant of the contents of a book that is altogether unrivalled. It is singular to observe for how few persons the finest effusions of the mind are penned. In the age which produces them they are usually in everybody's hands. In the next generation the names of their authors may be in everybody's mouth, and their works on everybody's shelves, but commonly in proportion as they are honored more they are read less, and the herd who are yawning over the dullness of the last flimsy book of the day seldom think of reverting to productions which never tire, and for which the relish becomes greater the oftener they are conned.

Johnson was born at Lichfield on the 18th of September, 1709. His eyes soon showed symptoms of disease, his body broke out in scrofulous sores, and altogether he was so miserable an object that his aunt afterwards told him she would not have picked up such an infant in the street. Dr. Swinfen, a local physician of extensive practice, and his godfather, said he never knew a child reared with so much difficulty. He grew to be a man of massive frame and giant strength, but his hereditary disease continued in one of its aspects to taint his constitution to the close of his days. "I inherited," he said to Lady Macleod, "a vile melancholy from my father, which has made me mad all my life, at least not sober." To hope or fear beyond the limits of probability was, according to Johnson's definition, a degree of insanity, and as his depression was often disproportioned to his circumstances he pronounced it aberration of mind. In this estimate he considered too exclusively external objects, and forgot that a disordered circulation or an enfeebled digestion might be just as substantial and a more imperious cause of dejection than poverty and disappointment. The malady which preyed upon his spirits never perverted his reason, though it sometimes prostrated his energies. There were times when he was too languid to distinguish the hour upon the clock. On these occasions his disorder seemed to himself to be on the point of overwhelming his faculties. In a letter to Joseph Warton, in 1754, he spoke of Col-

lins, the poet, who was then in confinement, and adds, "I have often been near his state, and therefore have it in great commiseration."

Johnson's mother is said by Boswell to have been a woman of distinguished understanding. All the circumstances which her son related of her would leave a contrary impression. By his own account he loved but did not respect her, and the love he chiefly ascribed to her practising self-denial to procure him coffee. She was always telling him "to learn behavior," a species of admonition which he designated *cant*, and as often as he answered that she ought to teach him what to do, and what to avoid, she was reduced to silence. Having eaten voraciously of a leg of mutton, when he was ten years old, at the house of an aunt, his mother assured him seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten, which drew from him the comment that she "had lived in a narrow sphere, and was affected by little things." She was a pious woman, and was anxious to impress her son with her principles, but from want of judgment made Sunday "a heavy day to him." He complained that she confined him to the house and compelled him to read "The Whole Duty of Man," from a great part of which he could derive no instruction. She was quite unacquainted with books, and would talk to her husband of nothing except his affairs, which were embarrassed, and of which he hated to hear. Even of her single unwelcome topic, "she had," says Johnson, "no distinct conception, and therefore her discourse was composed only of complaint, fear, and suspicion." Without ideas derived either from reading or observation, and with an apparent want of practical sense in her conduct, she must, in intellect, have been below the average of women. Her merit was in a disposition so benevolent that she was beloved by all who knew her, and when some sharper endeavored to despoil her of a field, not an attorney in the place would undertake his cause. It was of her that Johnson wrote the line in "The Vanity of Human Wishes"—"The general favorite as the general friend." Her strong affection begot in her son a corresponding attachment. "These little memorials soothe my mind," he wrote in after life, when recording a couple of observations she had made to him in his childhood, and which are too trifling to be worth repeating.

On the death of the mother of his friend Mr. Elphinstone he sent him a letter of consolation, and advised him to set down minutely all he could remember of her from his earliest years. "You will read it," he said, "with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection, when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration." This reveals his own object in putting upon paper observations which in themselves were absolutely insignificant; and if we consider what a robust and manly heart he had, and how he toiled for bread at one period of his life, and how distinguished he was at another, we shall be struck with the tenderness which in this hurry or splendor of existence could pause to console himself with reading the most trivial recollections of maternal kindness.

The elder Johnson kept a bookseller's shop in Lichfield and a stall in Birmingham and other places on market-days. He had a large share of vanity, which was a good deal kept down by adversity, and was foolish in talking of his children, which was one of the forms that his vanity assumed. His very caresses were loathed by his son, because they were always the preface to some exhibition of his precocious abilities. He compared himself in these performances to a little boy's dog, teased with awkward fondness, and forced to sit up and beg. To avoid the infliction he used to run away when visitors called, and hide himself in a tree. But Michael Johnson was a man of considerable attainments. "He propagates learning all over this diocese," wrote she chaplain of Lord Gower in 1716; "all the clergy here are his pupils, and suck all they have from him." Though he was not much at home, his books and his knowledge must have had some effect in giving a literary turn to the mind of his son, one of whose early reminiscences was of having read "Hamlet" alone in the kitchen, till, terrified by the ghost scene, he rushed to the street-door to get into company. The narrow circumstances of his parents did not interfere with his education, for he was sent before he was eight years of age to the grammar-school at Lichfield. He was indulged by his first master, and cried when he was promoted to the upper school. His second master, Mr. Hunter, was, he said, "wrongheadedly severe, and beat us unmercifully. He never taught a boy in his

life; he whipped and they learned." He ascribed, however, his knowledge of Latin to the discipline, and confessed that unless he had been well flogged he should have done nothing whatever.

Idleness is too common both with boys and men to be quoted as an especial characteristic of Johnson, but most of his future peculiarities were developed in his early days, and he is, as Boswell states, a memorable instance of the observation that the child is the man in miniature. As was his habit in maturer years he drove off his occupations to the latest moment, and when compelled to grapple with a task completed it with unequalled rapidity. He had just as great an aversion as during his literary career to the use of the pen, and would dictate verses and themes to his favorites, but would never be at the trouble of writing them. He exhibited at school the same readiness of memory which afterwards astonished his literary associates, and had been known to recite eighteen verses, after hearing them once read, with the variation of only a single epithet. He had the same proud averseness as in manhood to be second to anybody with whom he came in competition—a passion which was stronger than his native indolence, and seconded the stimulus he received from the rod of his master. "They never," he told Boswell, with evident exultation, "thought to raise me by comparing me to any one; they never said Johnson is as good a scholar as such a one, but such a one is as good a scholar as Johnson; and this was said but of one, but of Lowe; and I do not think he was as good a scholar." His physical inertness still more than his imperfect sight kept him from joining in the rivalry of games, and it was wonderful, he remarked, how well he had contrived to be idle without them. His favorite recreation was to saunter through fields with a schoolfellow, though he talked more to himself than his companion, so early had he acquired that abstraction of mind which led him to mutter his thoughts, unconscious either of his own utterance, or else oblivious of the presence of others. In one respect, if we were to trust the report of Mrs. Thrale, the youth was very unlike the man. His cousin Ford, a clergyman of great soility, but of licentious life, prognosticating his future eminence as a writer, told him that he would make his way more easily in the

world as he showed no disposition to dispute anybody's claim to colloquial superiority. Either, however, he was restrained by the presence of his relative, or the observation must have been made during a lull in his usual habits; for he told Boswell "that when he was a boy he always chose the wrong side of a debate, because most ingenious things could be said upon it."

At fifteen he was sent by the advice of Mr. Ford to a school at Stourbridge in Worcestershire, where he remained little more than a year. His superiority had then become so apparent that Dr. Percy states him to have been admitted into the best company of the place, and, boy as he was, to have had attentions paid him of which remarkable instances were long remembered there. The master, Mr. Wentworth, who perhaps found a rival as well as a pupil, was less considerate than the inhabitants. He was very severe to him; "yet taught me," says Johnson, "a great deal." The harsh treatment to which he was subjected by both Mr. Hunter and Mr. Wentworth was trifling in comparison with the subsequent miseries he endured; and in his most prosperous period he contended that schooldays were the happiest days of life. "Ah! sir," he said, "a boy's being flogged is not so severe as a man's having the hiss of the world against him."

From Stourbridge the lad went back to Lichfield, and lived, or as his biographer expresses it, "loitered at home for two years in a state very unworthy his uncommon abilities." If by loitering Boswell meant idling, his own narrative refutes the assertion. Johnson, he relates, once said to him, "Sir, in my early years I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now." When he made this confession he was fifty-four. He told Langton that his great period of study was from twelve to eighteen; and on another occasion he mentioned to Boswell that in the very interval during which he is described as loitering he did not read works of amusement, "but all literature, sir, all ancient writers, all manly." The passion for knowledge is strongest in youth, because the charm of novelty is then conjoined with the ardor of acquisition. The cravings of a vigorous mind in Johnson more than counterbalanced its sluggishness, and he was hurried along by eager curiosity, and the delight of

new ideas. One day he climbed to an upper shelf in his father's shop to look for some apples which he suspected his brother to have hid behind a large folio. The folio was the Latin and Italian works of Petrarch, and having heard him mentioned among the restorers of learning, he fastened upon it immediately, and read it nearly to an end. Notwithstanding these feats he was upbraided by his father for want of steady application. There are two kinds of students—those who work quietly and constantly, and those who apply vehemently and fitfully. The methods differ much the same as walking does from running. The one who goes quickest clears a greater space in a short time, and is soonest out of breath. Johnson in reading was among the runners. He glanced his eye rapidly from the top to the bottom of the page, and seemed, in the words of Boswell, to devour it ravenously. "He gets at the substance of a book directly," said Mrs. Knowles; "he tears out the heart of it." All such persons, in the many truant hours in which they abandon their desk, appear idle to casual observers.

But there is a repletion of the mind as well as of the body, and if satiety did not compel these pauses, memory could not retain the knowledge, nor reason digest it. Seldom, however, has a man of his acquirements been equally desultory. He assured Boswell that, possessing a particular partiality for poetry, he hardly ever got to the end of a poem. If any one spoke of having read a book through he heard the assertion with incredulity. His advice to others was framed upon his own practice. He had never persisted in a plan for two days together, and did not believe that much good could be got from task-work. Unless inclination conspired with diligence, nothing, he maintained, made a strong impression. If a man opened a volume in the middle and was pleased, he advised him not to leave off and go to the beginning lest his interest in it should die away and be no more renewed. He thought it one of the advantages of having a large library, that, unless a subject could be pursued the instant the desire arose in the mind, the chance was that the fancy would never return. He concluded from the effects that some persons, such as Bentley and Samuel Clarke, must have studied hard, but nobody he affirmed had done it whose habits he had known. His notions of what

ought to be the attainments of a scholar led him to underrate his own. He always denied that his learning was extensive, though Adam Smith considered him to be acquainted with more books than any one alive. Tyers asserts that he had the most knowledge in ready cash of all the celebrities he ever met, and that he appeared from his innumerable quotations to be the man in the whole of England who had taken the widest range. Churchill, the poet, made an observation which alone must be conclusive to those who are familiar with Johnson's labors, that if it was true that he had read little, he could not be the author of his own works. The mere quotations in his Dictionary would show what a vast variety of authors he had skimmed. In theology, metaphysics, philology, and even in Latin scholarship, though all of them subjects in which he was far better versed than he was willing to allow, he had been surpassed by others who had made a special study of one or other of these departments of knowledge; but very few writers in his own class—that of general literature—have excelled him in the aggregate extent of his information. He had larger stores we believe on the whole than Dryden, Addison, Swift, or Pope—every one of whom, and especially the first three, were learned men. Poetry, criticism, moral precepts, maxims of life, and biographical narratives, require embellishments of style, quickness of observation, miscellaneous reading, and habits of thought, rather than the concentrated diligence which exhausts a topic. To dig the ore from the mine, and to strike the coin at the mint, are separate operations, and he who does the one is seldom qualified for the other. To reproach men of letters, as has often been done, with being inferior to natural philosophers in science, to theologians in divinity, and to classic commentators in Greek and Latin, is to complain that a single man has been gifted with but a single genius, and has only, like other mortals, a day of twenty-four hours in which to exercise it. If Addison could not have elaborated the "Principia," Sir Isaac Newton was just as incompetent to write the "Spectators."

The tastes of Johnson would have led him to prefer discursive reading to treading in a single track, but he had the advice of his cousin Ford to second his inclinations. "Obtain," urged this counsellor, who was a sagacious observer of life, "some general princi-

ples of every science; he who can talk only on one subject, or act only in one department, is seldom wanted, and perhaps never wished for; while the man of general knowledge can often benefit, and always please." Pascal had before enforced the same maxim. "You tell me that such a person is a good mathematician, but I have nothing to do with mathematics. You assert of another that he understands the art of war, but I have no wish to make war upon anybody. The world is full of wants, and loves only those who can satisfy them. It is false praise to say of any one that he is skilled in poetry, and a bad sign when he is consulted solely about verses." The people that he thought the most pleasant and the most praise-worthy were those who bore the badge of no profession, who were neither called poets nor mathematicians, but were good judges of both, and who upon entering a room could join in the conversation they found going on at the moment. Special attainments are required in but few in each generation. The grand business of life is carried on by persons of diversified knowledge, who would leave an immense portion of their best functions undischarged if they were only proficient in one pursuit.

Johnson went to Pembroke College, Oxford, the 31st October, 1728. His varied reading was displayed in an interview with his tutor on the night of his arrival, when the first words he uttered were to illustrate the subject of conversation by a quotation from Macrobius. Dr. Adams, afterwards master of the college, told him he was the best prepared student that had ever come to the University, where he manifested his usual reluctance to be outdone by any one. There was a person of the name of Meeke who excelled him in classical translation. "I could not," says Johnson, "bear his superiority, and I tried at the lecture to sit as far from him as I could, that I might not hear him construe." His predominance over Meeke must in most things have been decided. His maiden declamation was a characteristic exhibition of three of his prominent qualities—his procrastination, his memory, and his readiness. He neglected to write the essay till the morning he was to deliver it, learnt a part as he walked from his room to the hall, and spoke the remainder extempore. He was all his life a precise and fluent converser in Latin. He soon gave a more finished specimen of

his classical skill by his translation of the "Messiah." His version was published in 1731, and Pope is reported to have said, "The writer of this poem will leave it a question for posterity, whether his or mine be the original." By reading the Latin authors of all ages Johnson sacrificed something of that purity of style which rigid scholars demand. He did not reject expressions for which it would be vain to seek a precedent in the best Roman writers, and perhaps would have considered it an affectation of fastidiousness in a modern to condemn such freedoms. Many of his lines are neither elegant nor harmonious, but others are sweet and sonorous, and they are generally distinguished by vigor and conciseness of expression.

Young as he was when he went to Oxford, his haughty independence was already full-blown. Possessed with the pride of intellectual superiority, his spirit rose against the contempt which he suspected would be excited by his poverty. Apprehensive of indignity, he assumed an attitude of defiance before he was provoked. He attended the lecture the first day he was at Oxford, and the next four was absent. His tutor inquired the reason, and he replied that he had been sliding in Christ-church meadow. This answer, he says, was dictated by "stark insensibility," or in other words, by ignorance of the requirements of the place. The inattention which resulted from inexperience was quickly changed for rebellion by design. He was by no means irregular in his conduct, but he liked to show by occasional insubordination that he was not obedient from submission. He composed his translation of the "Messiah" to intimidate his tutors, for in those more sensitive days the college dignitaries stood in awe of a satirical epigram, and they feared to punish him when they saw that he could retaliate with the pen. He spent much of his time in lounging about the college gate, surrounded by a circle of admiring undergraduates, whom he entertained by his spirited talk. "Sir," observed one of his fellow-students, Mr. Edwards, at an accidental interview with him fifty years afterwards, "I remember you would not let us say *prodigious* at college. For even then, sir (turning to Boswell), he was delicate in language, and we all feared him." "Sir," Johnson remarked in explanation, when Edwards was gone, "they respected me for my literature;

and yet it was not great but by comparison. Sir, it is amazing how little literature there is in the world." * As he appeared among the scholars like a king among his subjects, he indulged in jest, and overflowed with what seemed to be irresistible mirth. When Boswell repeated to him this account, he replied, "Ah, sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and wit, so I disregarded all power and all authority." "All my endeavors from a boy to distinguish myself," said Swift, "were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts." The determination of Johnson to make mind supply the place of money and rank was of a more dignified kind. He was not asking homage, but warding off insult. But, though his talents could exact respect both from his masters and companions, his penury grew at last too extreme to be exhibited in a place where all his fellow-students were well-dressed gentlemen. His father became insolvent, and a friend who had engaged to assist him broke his promise. His feet appeared through his shoes, and when some unknown person delicately set a new pair at his door, he indignantly flung them away. Boswell calls this "a proper pride." Johnson himself, in relating the refusal of Savage, when his clothes were worn out to accept a suit which was sent him anonymously, seems by his language to imply that the resentment was misplaced. If it is a duty to give, it certainly cannot be a fault to accept, unless poverty is a crime. If generosity is thought to degrade the recipient, it cannot elevate the donor, who becomes by his proffered aid a partner in the error. But the common vice of mean dependence in creatures who have neither the resolution to economise, nor the industry to work, makes high-minded men intolerant of help and wins admiration to over-scrupulous indigence.

* Of this Edwards himself was a signal example. Though he had received a college education, and lived most of his life in London, where he practised as a Chancery solicitor, he seems not to have heard of "The Rambler" till near thirty years after it had rendered Johnson famous; for, meeting the author one day at the expiration of that interval, he said, "I am told you have written a very pretty book called 'The Rambler.'" He had at least never seen it, and was utterly ignorant of its nature. "I was unwilling," said Johnson, "that he should leave the world in total darkness, and sent him a set."

When Johnson was driven away from Oxford by poverty, in the autumn of 1731, he had not completed the requisite residence, and could not take a degree. Of the other advantages of the place he had reaped scarcely any. His tutor was very worthy but very ignorant, and hardly knew a noun from an adverb. The pupil, being vastly more learned than the master, naturally gave way to his constitutional indolence, and neglected his studies. His principal reading of a solid kind was in the Greek poets, and especially Homer and Euripides. Mr. Gifford once remarked to Jacob Bryant, that Johnson had admitted that he was not a good Greek scholar. "Sir," replied Bryant, with an impressive air, "it is not easy for us to say what such a man as Johnson would call a good Greek scholar." "I hope," adds Gifford, "that I profited by that lesson,—certainly I never forgot it." Bryant was right in his hypothesis. Giants measure themselves with giants; and acquirements which are great to the little are little to the great. Dr. Burney the younger, well known for his classical attainments, found that, though Johnson was not universally skilled in the critical niceties of the tongue, his general knowledge of it was extensive. He could give a Greek word for almost every English one; read the language with facility, and occasionally wrote verses in it. A Danish nobleman, who had been told how loudly he proclaimed his own deficiencies upon the subject, introduced the topic at an interview, for the purpose, as he avowed, of favoring himself. Johnson accepted the challenge, and displayed such an extensive acquaintance with Greek literature and learning, that his antagonist was astonished. But while his professed ignorance eclipsed the vaunted knowledge of common men, he was so scrupulous not to take credit for more than he possessed, that he insisted he owed his triumph over the Dane to a Xenophon of Mr. Thrale's, which was, he said, the only Greek book he had read for ten years.

An immeasurably more important acquisition than an improvement in classical lore belongs to his Oxford career. When he was nine years old the church of Lichfield was shut up to be repaired. His short sight, which obliged him to grope about in search of a seat, made it disagreeable to him to attend a strange place of worship, and he preferred to go into the fields and read. From

neglecting religion he grew to talk against it, and drunk and swore with the same vehemence that he did everything which he did at all. At Oxford he took up "Law's Serious Call to a Holy Life," expecting to find it dull, and intending to ridicule it. He quickly discovered that he was over-matched, and for the first time since he was capable of rational inquiry he thought in earnest about religion. The work of Law he afterwards commended as "the finest piece of hortatory theology in any language," and its power is proved by the magical influence it has exercised over the ablest minds. This was the treatise which completed the conversion of the learned but once licentious Psalmanazar, who was the only person whom Johnson much courted, whom he never contradicted, whom he unhesitatingly pronounced the best man he had ever known, and whose piety and penitence he affirmed to have exceeded almost all that is recorded in the lives of saints. Psalmanazar like Johnson had read the work accidentally. The clergyman from whose table he had picked it up took it from his hand, gave him an unfavorable account of it, and refused to lend it him. Deeply impressed with the page at which he had glanced, he purchased a copy, and read it over and over with eager satisfaction and lasting profit. It was the same treatise again which confirmed and extended the growing zeal of John Wesley, and had a prominent share in the formation of his character. "It is said," writes Southey, "that few books have made so many religious enthusiasts." Even the infidel Gibbon admitted that "if it found a spark of piety in the reader's mind it would soon kindle it to a flame." The book is now neglected, but if goodness could trace its genealogy through all the intermediate steps to its source, how much of the excellence which at present exists in the world would be found to have had its origin in the writings of Law. From the period when Johnson had dipped into the "Serious Call" at Oxford, he entertained an abhorrence of scepticism, and in after years was emphatic in showing it. The Abbé Raynal, on being introduced to him, held out his hand. Johnson received the advance by putting his behind his back, and to the expostulation of a friend replied, "Sir, I will not shake hands with an infidel." He would not admit a quotation into his Dictionary from works which were dangerous to

religion or morality, lest any one should be enticed into consulting the originals, and perchance have their minds misled for ever.

The impression produced upon Johnson's mind by the treatise of Law was confirmed by an illness which seized him on his return to Lichfield. This was a severe attack of his hereditary hypochondriasis, which filled him with despair and fretfulness, and made his friends apprehensive for his life or his intellect. His circumstances were calculated to bring a disorder which was always threatening him to a head. "When I was towering in the confidence of twenty-one," he wrote to Mr. Langton in 1759, "little did I expect that I should be at forty-nine what I am now." The confidence was not of long duration. He told Mrs. Thrale that, in his history of Gelaeddin in the "Idler," he shadowed out a chapter of his own life, and it is to his return from Oxford that the sketch refers. Gelaeddin has obtained reputation in the school of Asia which is most famous for the learning of its professors and the number of its students. He is looked up to by his associates as an oracular guide, and thought competent to appreciate the converse of his masters. He fondly imagines that, if he is thus conspicuous in the brilliant regions of literature, he will shine with redoubled lustre in the twilight of his native place. He enters his father's house, expecting to be received with pride and delight. He is met by a greeting which, though not unkind, manifests neither fondness nor exultation. "His father had in his absence suffered many losses, and Gelaeddin was considered as an additional burden to a falling family. When he recovered from his surprise he began to display his acquisitions, but the poor have no leisure to be pleased with eloquence; they heard his arguments without reflection, and his pleasantries without a smile." He hoped to obtain that attention from his neighbors which he failed to command at home; but some censured his arrogance and pedantry; others wondered why he should have taken pains to acquire knowledge which could never do him any good; others admitted him to their tables, but when he chanced to manifest in a remarkable degree his superiority to his company, he was seldom invited a second time. He next solicits employment, and is told by one that he has no vacancy in his office; by another, that his merit is above

private patronage; by a third, that he will not forget him; and by a fourth, that he does not think literature of any use in business. This can easily be recognized as a true picture of the reception which would be given in a provincial town to learning in rags during the earlier half of the last century. The notion that genius will excite the deepest reverence in those by whom it is least understood is an ever-recurring and yet manifest delusion. Talent is best appreciated by talent, knowledge by knowledge; and the man who imagines that the higher he is removed above his judges the more they will admire him, might equally expect that he would look larger the farther he receded, or his voice sound louder the greater the distance from which he spoke. Excellence must be perceptible before it can be applauded, and for a cultivated understanding to display its stores to untutored ignorance is much like exhibiting colors to the blind. Thus Johnson was subjected to the complicated misery of conscious power, general neglect, and helpless poverty, and, with his expectations baffled, wretched in the present and without hope for the future, a less gloomy temperament than his would have been sunk in despondency.

Not long after Johnson got back to Lichfield his father died, of an inflammatory fever, December, 1731, being seventy-six years of age. His son never liked to dwell upon his memory, for the associations were not pleasing. Everything except the attachment of his mother had contributed to render his home cheerless, and even her kindness was partly poisoned by a rivalry between his brother and himself for her affection. His parents, from want of a community of ideas, were not happy together. His father's "vile melancholy" increased the gloom induced by the absence of domestic cordiality. Concealed poverty, which Johnson always asserted was the corrosive that destroyed the peace of almost every family, added its sting, and was especially harassing to a vain citizen like the aspiring bookseller, who while anxious to put on the appearance of greater means than he ever possessed, kept gradually dropping to a lower state till he ended in bankruptcy. The wretchedness which grew out of the struggle had left such disagreeable recollections in the mind of his son that he urged it as a reason for not talking of his family, "One has," he said, "so little pleasure in reciting the anec-

dotes of beggary." The very pride his father took in him had been converted into an instrument of torture in his boyhood, and appeared to have declined at the moment when it would have been most valued. In what was probably the old man's final illness, he offended the dignity of the Oxford scholar by requesting him, one market-day, to take his place at the book-stall in Uttoxeter. More than fifty years afterwards, on his last visit to Lichfield, when his own life was visibly drawing to a close, Johnson remembered his disobedience with compunction, and, going into the market at the full tide of business, stood for an hour, with his head bare, before the stall which had been his father's, exposed to the sneers of the crowd and the inclemency of the weather. This has sometimes been considered an act of superstition, but to us it appears a fine example of moral heroism. Johnson, in the "Rambler," has properly defined "repentance to be the relinquishment of any evil practice." Where the misconduct has ceased from the lapse of time, and by the nature of things cannot be renewed, he knew how deceitful was that mental regret which calls for no sacrifices. He therefore wished to evidence to himself the sincerity of his repentance by executing the office which he had formerly refused to discharge. He is reported to have said "that he hoped the penance was expiatory;" but he distinctly declared on other occasions that he did not hold the doctrine "of a commutation of offences by voluntary penance," and we are satisfied he meant no more than that he hoped he had proved his contrition to be real. Never was there a son who had less upon his conscience, for he could recollect no second act of disobedience to his father.

To trace Johnson's career for several years is only to follow him from one scene of wretchedness to another. His next change was always remembered by him with an aversion approaching to horror. The most obvious resource of needy scholarship is to obtain a situation at a school, and Johnson, in the beginning of 1732, became an usher at Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire. Under no circumstances would he have been fitted for the office. Boswell, adopting an expression from the "Rambler," well remarks that his acquisitions had been obtained "by sudden irruptions into the regions of knowledge," and the man whose eye took in a page at a glance,

and who seldom read a book to an end, could not have submitted to dwell word by word upon little piecemeal lessons, to hang for months over a single poem, and when the end was reached with one class to recommence it with another. Nor should we suppose that his grand and sententious style of elucidation could have been intelligible to boys. "Men advanced far in knowledge," says Imlac to Pekuah of the Astronomer in "Rasselas," "do not love to repeat the elements of their art, and I am not certain that even of the elements, as he will deliver them connected with inferences and mingled with reflections, you are a very capable auditress." He has, doubtless, embodied here the recollection of his own attempts at elementary instruction. He complained heavily at the time of the monotonous drudgery, which must have been rendered more depressing by his dark distemper. To these drawbacks were superadded the humiliations which arose from the menial nature of the office in those ruder days, when scholars with more than the education of gentlemen were treated with less than the consideration of servants. To be usher at an academy is one of the schemes of George Primrose in his penury, "Can you dress the boys' hair?" inquires a cousin to whom he imparts his design, and who to the answer "No," replies, "then you won't do for a school." "Can you lie three in a bed?" "No." "Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?" "Yes." "Then you will by no means do for a school." He is told that to be an under-jailer in Newgate, or to turn a cutler's wheel, are enviable occupations by comparison, and Goldsmith was writing from personal experience. He too had been an usher at a boarding-school at Peckham—a portion of his history of which, like his friend, he never talked, and reddened if he fancied an allusion was made to it, though he was not backward to dwell upon his other distresses, and once commenced a story with the words, "When I lived among the beggars in Axe Lane." As Johnson was extremely slovenly, and never dressed his own hair, it is not likely that he could have dressed the boys'; as he was a large man, and afflicted with convulsive movements, in which he threw about his legs and his arms, no two other persons could possibly have slept or even have lain in bed with him;

and as he had an enormous appetite, and ate almost as much as an elephant, it appears upon every point which is mentioned by Goldsmith that he would by no means have done for a school. Whatever might have been the particular indignities to which he was subjected, his disposition would not allow him to brook an affront, or to lower his tone to authority; and, revolted by the "intolerable harshness" of Sir Wolstan Dixie, the patron of the establishment, he turned his back in the latter end of July upon the miseries of Market Bosworth. Three years afterwards Mr. Walmsley endeavored to obtain for him the head mastership of the grammar-school at Solihull, in Warwickshire, and the inquiries which were instituted by the trustees indicate that his high bearing towards his former employers, to whom they probably had recourse for information, had left a lasting impression. The account of his learning was flattering. It was allowed by all that it entitled him to a much better post than the one he sought, "but then," continues the secretary, who replied to Mr. Walmsley in the name of the trustees, "he has the character of being a very haughty, ill-natured gentleman, and that he has such a way of distorting his face, which though he can't help, the gentlemen think it may affect some young lads; for these two reasons he is not approved on, the late master Mr. Crompton's huffing the felloes being still in their memory." Mr. Greswold, the writer of this letter, who from his spelling and mode of expressing himself, does not appear to have had his own education at the Solihull grammar-school, concludes by saying that they are all "extremely obliged" to Mr. Walmsley "for proposing so good a scholar," though they did not care to avail themselves of his scholarship. Few things are more curious than to see the way in which great men are written of before their greatness is known. On a previous occasion, his application for an ushership at Brewood had been rejected from the apprehension that his convulsive movements would excite imitation or derision amongst the pupils. Goldsmith found that the oddity of his own manners, dress, and language was a fund of eternal ridicule at Peckham; but Johnson was not a person with whom any boy would have dared to take liberties to his face, and, if they were hushed

by awe in his presence, his authority would not have suffered by a little merriment behind his back.

On the 15th of July, 1732, Johnson made an entry in his diary, stating that twenty pounds, which he had just received, was the entire sum which would accrue to him from his father's effects till the death of his mother. He expressed his consciousness that he must now be the architect of his own fortune, and resolved that poverty should not debilitate his understanding nor tempt him to deviate from rectitude—a vow which he nobly redeemed. The next day he went back to Market Bosworth on foot, and in another week had left it in disgust. He was again upon the wide world, and became the guest of Mr. Hector, an old schoolfellow and friend, who was then established as a surgeon at Birmingham.

Mr. Hector lodged with a bookseller of the name of Warren, who was the proprietor of a journal, and by this accidental association Johnson first came forth in his proper character of an author. He contributed essays to Warren's paper, and undertook to translate and abridge for him from the French a "Voyage to Abyssinia," by Father Lobo, a Portuguese Jesuit. His manner of executing his earliest literary task was curiously characteristic. Having made a commencement, his indolence got the better of him, and the printer was soon at a stand-still. On Mr. Hector representing to him that the poor man and his family were suffering from his neglect to supply the press, he instantly resumed his work, but did it lying in bed, dictating off-hand to Mr. Hector, who held the pen, and taking so little interest in the result that he had not the curiosity to cast his eye upon the proof-sheets, of which few were ever seen by him. But the most remarkable part of the undertaking is the preface, which exhibits the peculiar turn of thought and style which are associated with his name, and in one passage, quoted by Boswell, exhibits them in their maturest form. The authors of Queen Anne's time were then the models of composition. The homely and familiar style of Swift, and still more the style of Addison, in which familiarity was combined with elegance, were considered to have brought the English tongue to its highest pitch of perfection. In three or four casual pages written for a provincial bookseller Johnson showed that he had broken loose from the trammels of fashion,

and had struck out a manner of his own which has left a lasting trace upon the language. He repeats in the "Rambler" the anecdote of Alexander, that, when he was invited to hear a man that sung like a nightingale, he replied with contempt that he had heard the nightingale herself. "The same treatment," adds the Essayist, "must every man expect whose praise is that he imitates another." Whether he had early arrived at this conclusion by reflection, or whether his originality was the unpremeditated consequence of his mental training, the evidence of power was the same, and was, as we can now see, prophetic of his future renown. He had made it a rule in conversation to do his best upon every occasion. He forbore to deliver his thoughts till he had arranged them in the clearest manner, he clothed them in the most forcible language he could command, and he never suffered a careless expression to escape him. By these means he had been insensibly forming himself to be a writer, and had carried on the operation of composition in his mind long before he put pen to paper. Where the outbursts of genius seem spontaneous it is merely because the preliminary process has been kept out of sight.

It appears to have been in the early part of 1734 that the translation was executed, and, if we consider Johnson's capabilities and prospects at that time, we shall perceive the perilous position of those who have no settled calling. He was in his twenty-fifth year, an admirable Latin and good Greek scholar, with a vast store of miscellaneous learning, a strong understanding, a logical mind, an imposing style, and a ready pen. To these mental gifts he conjoined unflinching principle and piety. Yet with all his talents and inflexible integrity he could not find an outlet for his exertions; and while tens of thousands of commonplace people who had been brought up to a profession were earning an easy competence, he wandered a pauper about the world and could with difficulty keep himself from starving. He received only five guineas for his version of Father Lobo, which was less than was paid to the mechanic who set up the type. How he contrived to live at all eluded the research of his inquisitive biographers. He ceased to be the guest of Mr. Hector after six months, and hired lodgings on his own account in another part of Birmingham. His literary projects came to

nothing. He proposed in August, 1734, to print by subscription the poems of Politian, with a life of the author and a history of Latin poetry from the time of Petrarch. These preliminary essays were to be, like the rest of the book, in Latin; and as Johnson had consulted his own tastes and knowledge in the scheme more than those of the public, the plan was soon dropped from want of subscribers. He next wrote to Cave in November, offering to furnish short literary dissertations and criticisms to the "Gentleman's Magazine," but no engagement appears to have ensued. He had equally failed to obtain a school, either as principal or subordinate, and from the end of 1732 to the middle of 1736 we are almost entirely ignorant of his history. His life is lost in the obscurity of indigence, and if we could draw aside the veil it would only reveal a spectacle of misery darker than the darkness which hides it. On the 9th of July, 1736, we are called back to his history by his marriage; and though he had afterwards to struggle with want for many a long and toilsome day, it is a relief to catch a momentary glimpse of sunshine breaking through the clouds which enveloped him as he trod painfully but undauntedly, head and mind erect, along his dreary way.

Johnson's first love was the sister of his friend Hector. This passion, he told Boswell, dropped imperceptibly out of his head, and the lady subsequently married Mr. Careless, a clergyman. More than thirty years after Johnson's attachment for her had ceased, he passed an evening with her at Birmingham, and seemed to have his affection revived. She was then a widow. Upon his remarking that it might have been as happy for him if he had taken her to wife, Boswell inquired whether he did not suppose that there were fifty women who would please a man just as well as any one woman in particular. "Ay, sir," replied Johnson, "fifty thousand. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances without the parties having any choice in the matter." If the system were adopted, it would, at least, be an awful moment for a man resolved to enter the married state, when he was first admitted to see the partner who had been selected for him. Such, however, was Johnson's opinion of the

facility with which different persons could excite fondness in the same individual, that he numbered it among the advantages of London that there was less danger of falling in love indiscreetly than any where else; "for there," said he, "the difficulty of deciding between a vast variety of objects kept a man safe." From the readiness with which he was pleased it might be wrongly inferred that he was not a very devoted swain, especially as the engagement he had formed was of a nature which appeared to preclude much ardor of attachment. Viewed upon the side of prudence, it gave just as little promise, and would certainly not have been decreed by the Court of Chancery "after a due consideration of the circumstances;" for the object of his choice was a widow, by name Mrs. Porter, who was in her forty-eighth year, and whose husband, a mercer of Birmingham, had lately died insolvent. Johnson was not yet twenty-seven. According to Garrick, whose account was always supposed to be a caricature, neither her person nor her manners afforded the least compensation for this difference of age. He described her as very fat, with a protuberant bosom, and swelled cheeks, which were red from paint and cordials; her dress flaring and fantastic, and her mode of speaking and behaving in the last degree affected. Johnson saw her with different eyes. Of the four things in marriage which he thought important in the order in which they are named—virtue, wit, beauty, and money—she had all, in his opinion, except the last and least. In his epitaph on her he called her pious, clever, accomplished, and handsome, and spoke of her in the same strain to Boswell and Mrs. Thrale. He asserted that she read comedy better than any one he ever heard; and, from his bestowing upon her the title of "a female critic" in his "Life of Gay," he would appear to have considered her a judge of literature. Mrs. Williams stated that she had a good understanding and great sensibility of heart, but was inclined to be satirical.

Johnson, on his part, did not seem formed to raise a passion in female breasts. "His appearance," said his step-daughter, Miss Porter, "was then very forbidding; he was lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible. His hair was straight and

stiff and separated behind, and his convulsive starts and gesticulations tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule." Mrs. Porter estimated him by the powers of his mind, and not by the disadvantages of his person. "This," she remarked to her daughter, "is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life." Johnson went to Lichfield to ask the consent of his mother to the match, which she gave, because, from the ardor of his temper, she was afraid to remonstrate with him. He could only have consulted her as a form of respect, and would have felt at her refusal much what he expressed to a barrister who, in a similar situation, had followed his own tastes instead of his father's wishes. "If you married imprudently, you miscarried at your own hazard, at an age when you had a right of choice. It would be hard if the man might not choose his own wife, who has a right to plead before the judges of this country." Mrs. Porter, on her part, owed obedience to nobody; nor could any one dispute that she was "at an age when she had a right of choice," but her sons were hostile to the arrangement, and did not conceal their disgust. Under these inauspicious circumstances this singular pair rode forth on horseback from Birmingham on the wedding-morning towards Derby, where they were to be married. Mrs. Porter had been a great reader of romances, and had imbibed from them the idea that her lover ought to be treated like a dog. Sometimes he went too fast, sometimes too slow. "I was not," says Johnson, "to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end." He started away at a rapid pace, got quite out of sight, and left her to follow by herself. When she came up with him she was in tears. That a fat and painted widow who was verging upon forty-eight should indulge in the coquettish airs of a girl in her teens, and fancy that at her mature age her charms were sufficient to enforce her despotic whims upon a strong-minded man who was twenty years younger than herself, confirms the testimony of Garrick that she was much given to affectation.

Johnson once narrated another ludicrous incident at which she again cried, and again showed her folly. He had a great friendship for Molly Aston, as he always called her, the sister of a baronet whose seat was in the neighborhood of Lichfield. "She was a schol-

ar and a wit," said Johnson, "and the loveliest creature ever seen." His wife, whose Christian name was Elizabeth, and who certainly was not the loveliest creature ever seen, was jealous of the attachment, and, one day meeting a gipsy as they were walking in the country with two or three of their acquaintances, she bid the fortune-teller look at her husband's hand. "Your heart is divided, sir," said the woman, "between a Betty and a Molly: Betty loves you best, but you take most delight in Molly's company." Johnson turned about to laugh at this echo of the idle gossip of Lichfield, and saw that poor Betty, who found in the oracular announcement a confirmation of her misgivings, had burst into tears. "Pretty charmer!" added Johnson, in repeating the anecdote, "she had no reason." The "pretty charmer" was probably past fifty; but the expression is an evidence how gently he felt towards her, and that he never ceased to view her with a lover's fondness.

The hopes of the impoverished couple when they formed their imprudent alliance were in an academy for young gentlemen which Johnson opened at Edial, about a mile from Lichfield. He had but three pupils, two of whom were the famous David Garrick and his brother George. The terms were doubtless low, for the Garricks were the sons of a needy half-pay captain, and the study of the family, said Johnson, "was to make fourpence do as much as others made fourpence-halfpenny do." The rent of the Edial house must have more than absorbed the profit from the pupils. The attempt of the great scholar to establish himself in any sphere of life which should be raised one degree above beggary had again failed, and after a year and a half he resigned the task of instructing his three lads, and resolved to try if he would be accepted for an instructor of the world. He left his wife at Lichfield, and proceeded to the metropolis in company with Garrick, who was on his way to Mr. Colson, a schoolmaster at Rochester. The Rabbins are reported to respect the smallest piece of paper, lest it should have written upon it words of wisdom. The instance of these two men is a lesson to extend the rule to human beings. "That was the year," Johnson once said at a dinner-party to Garrick, "when I came to London with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket, and thou, Davy, with three-halfpence in thine" Who that

could have seen them entering the city moneyless and friendless could have suspected that the names of both were to be in everybody's mouth—that one was to be the greatest author and the other the greatest actor of his age? Johnson had spent some of his vacant hours at Edial in preparing for the venture. He there commenced "Irene;" and Mr. Walmesley, his Lichfield friend, states in a letter to Colson that his object in going to London was to try his fate with the play, and expresses an expectation "that he will turn out a great tragedy-writer." But as yet three acts only were composed, and in the meanwhile his intention was to seek employment in translating from the Latin or the French. He thought of the literary calling with juvenile enthusiasm; and when he first saw St. John's Gate, where the "Gentleman's Magazine" was printed, "he beheld it with reverence." Calling soon after on one Wilcox, a bookseller, he told him that he wished to obtain a livelihood as an author. Wilcox eyed attentively his powerful frame, and, with a significant look, said, "You had better buy a porter's knot." Such are the different colors in which objects appear to hope and experience. He had not long to wait before he too well understood the meaning of the bookseller's warning gesture and advice.

For the few authors whose names are familiar to the world, there are, as in every calling, myriads who are never heard of beyond their private circle. They have swarmed from the hour when printing and reading became common; but as Pope and his contemporaries were the first to drag the tribe of underlings into public view, many circumstances are often assumed to have been peculiar to that time which had long been the standing condition of things. Swift, in his "Hospital for Incurables," calculates that provision must be made "for at least forty thousand incurable scribblers," and adds, with his usual savage satire, "that, if there were not great reason to hope that many of that class would properly be admitted among the incurable fools, he should strenuously intercede to have the number increased by ten or twenty thousand more." Those who reflect upon the prodigious mass of printed matter, beyond all power of computation, which is daily issued to the world, must perceive how small a part of it can be the production of learning and talent.

In the last century the "authorlings," as

he terms them, are stated by Smollett to have been the refuse of the usual professions; and the accurate Johnson himself testifies "that they had seldom any claim to their trade, except that they had tried some other without success." Fielding gives evidence to the same effect. No other ability, he says, was required than that of the writing-master, no other stock in trade than a pen, a little ink, and a small quantity of paper. Ignorance, which would have been helpless if it had stood alone, was rendered marketable by impudence. In Smollett's description of some of the fraternity—characters which are known to have been taken from living representatives—the man who has been expelled from the University for atheism, and prosecuted for a blasphemer, writes a refutation of the infidelity of Bolingbroke; the Scotchman teaches pronunciation; the cockney who had never seen a field of wheat compiles a treatise on agriculture; and the debtor publishes travels in Europe and part of Asia without having set foot beyond the liberties of the King's Bench. "The translators," Lintot told Pope, "were the saddest pack of rogues in the world, and in a hungry fit would swear they understand all the languages in the universe." It was common for them, in fact, to make versions without comprehending one syllable of the original. The frauds were endless. Some of these impostors, when excluded from the world in prisons, invented news for the journals; some affixed to their trash the names of popular authors, or put forth second parts of popular books. An Irishman, mentioned by Smollett, wrote a pamphlet in vindication of the minister of the day, and then published an answer, in which he assumed that the writer of the first pamphlet was the minister himself, and addressed him throughout as "your lordship" with such solemn assurance that the politicians were deceived, and devaloured "the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garretter" as a controversy between the Premier and the leader of the Opposition. Many of their practices were only modes of beggary. They sold tickets for prospective benefit-nights when a play should be performed which was not accepted and often not composed. More frequently still, they eked out a subsistence by the aid of subscriptions to works of which they never intended to pen a line. Cooke, the translator of

Hesiod, lived for twenty years upon a projected translation of Plautus. These methods were too easy not to become universal; and to stop solicitation people of rank bound themselves to one another to forfeit a considerable sum if they ever purchased a ticket or subscribed to a book. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Fielding have all mentioned this strange defensive alliance of the rich against the clamorous importunity of the pauper portion of the literary republic. Their condition was indeed deplorable. Johnson in his prosperous days repeated to Boswell the lines in which Virgil describes the entrance to Hell, and bid him observe that all the horrors which the poet had accumulated to characterise the infernal regions were the concomitants of a printing-house—the toil, the grief, the revengeful cares, the apprehensions, the hunger, the poverty, the diseases, the sad old age, and the miserable death. Not a few of the most indefatigable writers for the press were in jails; many were without a roof to cover them. One of the reasons which Johnson assigns for Savage's habit of staying till unseasonable hours at the parties to which he was invited, and exhausting the kindness of his entertainers, was, that he had to spend the remainder of the night in the street. If he entered a house to sleep, it was a mean lodging frequented by the lowest of the rabble, who were vile in their language, profligate in their habits, and filthy in their persons. Constantly his finances did not permit him to purchase this cheap and degrading accommodation, and his bed was in winter the ashes of a glasshouse, and in summer the projecting stall of a shop, or beneath the portico of a church. In appearance the author was hardly superior to the common paupers with whom he was compelled to consort. Until he got his pension, the dress of Johnson was literally that of a beggar. One of Smollett's geniuses, who writes novels for five pounds a volume, is reduced to the fragments of a pair of shoes, and displays his ingenuity in running away with his publisher's boots. It was with these publishers as with the authors. Only two or three, out of scores, had the feelings and education of gentlemen, and the rest were usually insolent and grasping. Mr. Wilson, in "Joseph Andrews," is represented as translating for a bookseller till he has contracted a distemper by his sedentary life, in which no part of his

body was exercised except his right arm, and when he is incapacitated by sickness his employer denounces him to the trade "for an idle fellow." But it must be admitted that the wrongs were not all on one side, though in the contest between sharper and sharper the bookseller could commonly exercise the greater injustice, because he had the power of the purse.

As if it was not sufficient to be scouted and derided by the rest of mankind, the world of authorlings was torn to pieces by intestine factions, and each man did his best to bring his brethren into contempt.

"Beasts of all kinds their fellows spare—
Bear lives at amity with bear."

But the literary bear saw rivals in his brother bears instead of allies. A painter once confessed to Johnson that no professor of the art ever loved a person who pursued the same craft. Envy is a common concomitant of vanity, even where there is no direct emulation; and people are found base enough to hate rising merit for no other reason than because it is rising. The passion was sure therefore to operate with great intensity among a class the nature of whose calling made them candidates both for bread and praise, and who believed that every crumb of either which was bestowed upon their brethren of the quill was so much subtracted from themselves. Swift, Johnson, Smollett—all the geniuses who were familiar with the scribbling race—were thus led to regard envy as among the most corrupting and widespread of vices, and in the opinion of Fielding it was the reason why there were no worse men than bad writers. "The malice I bore this fellow," the great novelist makes a poet say of a contemporary poet, "is inconceivable to any but an author, and an unsuccessful one. I never could bear to hear him well spoken of, and I writ anonymous satires against him, though I had received obligations from him." The whole clan of underlings who fed at the table of Smollett and existed by his patronage traduced his character and abused his works, and, as they were no less treacherous to one another than to their benefactor, each was eager to betray the rest to him. Some even of those who had attained to fame are reported by Johnson to have employed the meanest artifices to degrade their superiors and keep down their followers. The jealousy which troubled Gold-

smith was in a great degree due to his having been trained in this unhappy school. If a distinction was to be made where almost all were malignant, the critic was entitled to the bad pre-eminence. Swift had defined him to be a "discoverer and collector of faults"—one who made it his business "to drag out lurking errors like Cacus from his den, to multiply them like Hydra's heads, and rake them together like Augeas's dung." These detractors swarmed, he said, most about the noblest writers, as a rat was attracted to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit; and he pronounced that to follow the craft would cost a man all the good qualities of his mind. The race had not improved when Johnson began his literary career. He described them as a class of beings who stood sentinels in the avenues of Fame for the purpose of "hindering the reception of every work of learning or genius," and whose acrimony was excited by the mere pain of hearing others praised. There was not the same severity in their virtue that there was in their pens. Johnson relates that some had been pacified by claret and a supper, and others with praise; and Lintot a few years earlier had told Pope that his mode of disarming them was to invite them to eat a slice of beef and pudding. The authors themselves were those who exulted most in the defamation of authors, just as Fielding says that the rabble took such immense pleasure in seeing men hanged, that they forgot while they were enjoying the spectacle that it was in all probability to be their own fate.

Few of those who rose to permanent eminence in the eighteenth century had been compelled to join the mob of writers. Men like Addison found patrons, and, if they had not, were in a position to keep clear of the haunts of pauperism. Swift had his livings, Young had his fellowship, Akenside his practice, Gray his patrimony and his professorship. Pope lived with his family, and wrote his works in the comfortable ease of a domestic circle. Smollett, whose independent means were small, yet managed to have a good house and a plentiful table, and was attacked by Goldsmith for despising authorship and valuing riches. Collins for a short time starved with the authors, but was soon released by a legacy. The peculiarity of the case of Johnson and of Goldsmith is, that, until they had worked their own way unaided

to fame, they were mingled undistinguishably with the herd of despised drudges—with scribes whose ordinary effusions, according to Fielding, were blasphemy, treason, and indecency—with men who were ready to write anything for hire, and who took care by their conduct to justify their abject condition. The greatness of Johnson can only be fully understood by considering the circumstances under which it was displayed. He was like a piece of gold hid among a pile of half-pence, and he came out unsoiled by the contact.

What money Johnson earned, or how he earned it, when he first visited London, is not known. He arrived at the beginning of March, 1757. He afterwards withdrew to Greenwich, where he continued "Irene." In the latter part of the summer he went back to Mrs. Johnson at Lichfield, and there completed his tragedy. At the close of the year he returned to the metropolis, taking his wife with him. His expectations were doubtless centered in his play, to which he had devoted an amount of toil which was contrary to his usual habits, and which he never bestowed on any other production. He may be supposed to have expressed his feelings on the occasion in one of his Letters in the "Rambler:" "I delayed my departure for a time, to finish the performance by which I was to draw the first notice of mankind upon me. When it was completed I hurried to London, and considered every moment that passed before its publication as lost in a kind of neutral existence, and cut off from the golden hours of happiness and fame." He offered the precious manuscript to Mr. Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, who not only rejected it, but, as we may conclude from the language of the author in his "Life of Savage" a few years later, accompanied his refusal with some gratuitous indignities, such as a vulgar and ignorant manager would be likely to inflict upon unknown genius in distress. Hence Johnson speaks of the getting a play brought upon the stage "as an undertaking in a very high degree vexatious and disgusting to an ingenuous mind," and the reason he assigns is, that it is necessary to submit to the dictation of actors—a class of persons whom he characterises as being all but universally "contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal." In his own case he appears to have resolved not to expose himself to a second insult from a second manager. He turned

away from the theatre with irritated dignity, and, putting back his tragedy into his desk, bent his steps to the bookseller. His months of labor had been thrown away, and there was nothing in the fictitious distresses of his tragedy half so pathetic as the condition of its author.

The person to whom he had recourse was Cave, the publisher of the "Gentleman's Magazine." He addressed to him a complimentary Latin ode, and was enrolled among the regular contributors to his periodical. What was of far greater importance, Johnson, in March, 1738, had completed one of his immortal productions. This was his "London, in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal." He sent it to Cave without telling him from whose pen it proceeded, and asked for generous treatment, because the author he said, "lies at present under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune." The poem was shown to Dodsley, that his consent might be got to have his name put as one of the publishers on the title-page. Dodsley saw its merit, declared "it was a creditable thing to be concerned in," and ultimately bought the copyright for ten guineas, to the exclusion of Cave, whose judgment in literature is shown, by this indifference, to have been nothing at all. "I might perhaps," says Johnson, "have accepted of less, but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem, and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead." "I knew," Johnson writes, under an assumed character, in the "Rambler," "that no performance is so favorably read as that of a writer who suppresses his name, and therefore resolved to remain concealed till those by whom literary reputation is established had given their suffrages too publicly to retract them." This may be presumed to be the reason why "London" appeared anonymously. The event justified his calculation. His poem came out the same morning with Pope's satire entitled "1738;" and though no just comparison can be drawn between writers by contrasting a single production of each, it was a grand triumph for the new author that he had eclipsed a piece which ranks among the better works of the old. Accordingly the language of literary circles was,—"Here is an unknown poet greater even than Pope!" and a second edition was called for before the end of a week. The curiosity of Pope

himself was excited. He inquired after the writer, and, being told that he was an obscure person of the name of Johnson, he replied, "He will soon be *déterré*." The many circumstances in the Satire of Juvenal which were applicable to his own situation and prospects had, there can be no question, suggested the undertaking to him, and he marked one point of resemblance in particular by printing in capital letters the line,—

"SLOW RISES WORTH BY POVERTY DE-
PRESSED."

Viewed in connexion with Johnson's history, what pathos there is in this emphasis of type! "Hark ye, Clunker," says Matthew Bramble, after listening to the allegations against the outcast parish lad, "you are a most notorious offender. You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want."

Humble as were Johnson's notions, they exceeded his earnings. An Irish painter whom he met at Birmingham told him he could live very well for thirty pounds a-year. He was to rent a garret for eighteenpence a-week, to breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, dine for sixpence, spend threepence at a coffee-house for the sake of good company, and do without supper. Ten pounds were allowed for clothes and linen, and visits were to be paid on clean-shirt days. Johnson dined at first, much to his own satisfaction, for eightpence. But, like the Thales of his "London," "every moment left his little less," and for a long time he was reduced to subsist upon fourpence-halfpenny a-day. His poem, which increased his fame, did not improve his circumstances. It appeared in the month of May, and in September he signs himself to Cave, "Yours, *Impransus*." At a later period of his literary life he was sometimes without food for forty-eight hours, and his abstinence could not have been much less at a time when he intimated by his signature that he had eaten no dinner for want of the money to procure it. He had relinquished school-keeping for literature, and now in the extremity of his distress was eager to get from literature back to school-keeping, preferring anything, as he said, to being "starved to death in translating for booksellers." The mastership of the school at Appleby, in Leicestershire, was vacant. The trustees resided in the neighborhood of Lichfield, and had made up their minds to nominate him to

the post. But the statutes required that he should be a Master of Arts, and a common friend solicited the University of Oxford, through Dr. Adams, to confer the degree upon him. The request was refused. Johnson said proudly in later days, in allusion to the number of poets his college had produced, "Sir, we are a nest of singing-birds!" If this had been the case in 1738 with the University at large, they would not have refused an honorary degree to the author of "London"—a man who, while he resided among them, had shown his scholarship by the published translation of the "Messiah," who had never tasted their endowments, and who had been prevented by poverty alone from attaining in the regular course what he now asked to deliver him from a poverty as great as that indigence which cut short his college career and which was the sole cause of his being compelled to prefer the request. The Universities have seldom been backward to encourage talent, but the extreme privations to which struggling merit is often exposed make it proper to mark with censure even a rare departure from justice, that the authorities may never again be betrayed into a careless rejection of such imperative claims as those of Johnson. Oxford having declined to qualify him for his office, an at-

tempt was made, through Lord Gower, to induce Swift to ask the favor of the University of Dublin. But with Dublin Johnson had no connexion, and it is not surprising that nothing should have come of the application. The sixty pounds a-year endowment which Lord Gower said in his letter "would make the poor man happy for life," was for ever lost to him, and his next idea was to become an advocate at Doctors' Commons. "I am," he said, "a total stranger to these studies, but whatever is a profession and maintains numbers must be within the reach of common abilities and some amount of industry." Here again he was stopped by want of a degree, which was an indispensable qualification, and he was thrown back upon his starving work of translation. He was in the same dilemma with Macbeth,—"There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here;" but, like Macbeth, he tarried because he could not fly. He made no more efforts to escape from his destiny. His lot henceforth was that of an author; and, having seen how his mind was formed, and by what concurrence of circumstances he was forced upon his painful profession, we must leave him for the present, and reserve for another opportunity the discussion of the literary portion of his history and the enumeration of the traits of his noble character.

In the dukedom of Nassau, about two and a half miles' distance from Frankfort, an old Roman cellar has been exposed to light, in which, amongst other antiquarian objects, was found a half-decayed leaden box, containing some roasted coffee-berries and beans similar to those sold at the present time.

The still decreasing waters of the Rhine are every day bringing to light fresh objects of interest, which have for centuries lain buried beneath its stream. At a place near Stolzenfels, called the Königsstuhl (a place where the electors of Germany used to meet to deliberate on the affairs of the empire), a spring of strong mineral water has been discovered. It cannot be said, perhaps, to be "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," but it certainly is pouring its healing waters into the Rhine. The spring is said to have been known in Roman times as the Vagus spring, and to have been used by Vagus for its medicinal qualities. The Prussian Government has at present employed a number of

workmen in ascertaining the exact source of the water, and securing it by pipes before the waters in the Rhine rise. Between Rheinheim and Zurich, on the Swiss frontier, remains of an old bridge, probably of Roman construction, have appeared above the level of the water; twelve piles have been exposed to view, and one has been extracted, with the greatest difficulty: it was buried ten feet deep in the ground, and was shod at the end with hard steel. In the neighborhood of Mannheim a number of weapons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been dug up, and near Altrip there have been exposed to view the remains of an old building called the Alta Ripa, which are now within one inch of the level of the water. From this house, the Emperor Valentinian used to issue his orders. On the Baden side have also appeared ruins of buildings, but, judging from the quality of the mortar, they are most probably of not an earlier date than that of the Middle Ages.

MY FRIEND.

My Friend has a cheerful smile of his own.

And a musical tongue has he,
We sit and look in each other's face
And are very good company.
A heart he has, full warm and red
As ever a heart I see;
And as long as I keep true to him,
Why, he'll keep true to me.

When the wind blows high, and the snow falls
fast,

And the Wassailers jest and roar,
My Friend and I, with a right good-will,
We bolt the chamber door:
I smile at him and he smiles at me
In a dreamy calm profound,
Till his heart leaps up in the midst of him
With a comfortable sound.

His warm breath kisses my thin grey hair,
And reddens my ashen cheeks;
He knows me better than you all know,
Though never a word he speaks;
Knows me as well as some had known,
Were things—not as they be:
But hey, what matters? My Friend and I
Are capital company.

At dead of night when the house is still,
He opens his pictures fair.

Faces that are—that used to be—
And faces that never were.

My wife sits sewing beside the hearth
My little ones frolic wild:

Though—Lillian's wedded these twenty year,
And I never had a child.

But hey, what matters? when they who laugh
May weep to-morrow: and they
Who weep be as those who wept not—all
Their tears so long wiped away.
Let us burn out, like you, my Friend,
With a bright warm heart and bold,
That flickers up to the last, then drops
Into quiet ashes cold.

And when you flicker on me, my Friend,
In the old man's elbow-chair,

Or—in something quieter still, where we
Lie down, to arise all fair,

And young, and happy—why then, my Friend,
If other friends ask for me,
Tell them, I lived, and loved, and died
In the best of all company!

—Chambers's Journal.

MONTEREY.

WE were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day,
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years, if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot is hailed

In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed,
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way,
Where fed the dead, the living slept;
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe, himself, recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on these turrets wave,
And there the evening bugles play:
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who press'd
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey?

—London Journal.

AND now, my brothers, what to us remains
Of solemn duty which the day ordains,
While yet Virginia's gifted sons prolong,
In thoughtful eloquence and lyric song,
The fond ascriptions of a nation's praise,
Which my too feeble voice attempts to raise?
'Tis that we here in gratitude renew
The patriot-vows to country ever due,
And on this holy altar firmly swear
The blessed compact never to impair
Which the Republic's fathers gave to prove
The boundless wealth of their undying love.
As when a planet, first in motion wheeled,
In placid circles sweeps creation's field,
Nor tumult causes there, nor haply fears
The angry jarring of its sister spheres,
But moves forever on its destined way,
In liquid music with benignant ray;
So may each added star, that makes in turn
Our constellated glories brighter burn,
Drop silently into its ordered place
To run its radiant and unpausing race;
Blessing and blest, 'gainst every shock secure,
Through time's revolving cycles to endure,
Till, like Origin's belt, our ensign's bars
Shall blaze with countless multitudes of stars,
Their mingled light into one halo thrown,
But each a planet dazzling when alone!

From a poem on the Inauguration of Crawford's Statue of Washington at Richmond, 22 Feb. 1858. By John R. Thompson. Copied from the Southern Literary Messenger.

From The Saturday Review.

PROJECTILE WEAPONS OF WAR.*

MR. SCOFFERN'S treatise on projectiles is an excellent book in every way. It is written in a very lively, fresh, and intelligible manner, and it treats of a subject which is of great and constantly increasing interest and importance. He has something to say upon every description of propelling weapon and explosive compound which has been invented, from the sling, which was the first step above throwing stones, up to the Enfield rifle and the monster mortar just constructed by Mr. Mallet. In an age when anticipations of eternal peace have been succeeded by an almost unprecedented number of wars and rumors of wars, such speculations are at once interesting and well timed; and, though it is impossible to repress a feeling of regret that so much science should be applied to the process of slaughtering and mutilating human beings, the scientific principles involved in the matter are of the deepest interest, and are expounded by Mr. Scoffern with singular force and plainness.

The earliest and rudest of all projectiles were sticks or stones thrown by the hand. To them succeeded slings, and to them bows, with respect to these last weapons, once so famous, Mr. Scoffern mentions several circumstances of great interest. The rude and simple long-bow was unquestionably more efficient than the more scientific cross-bow. It was, indeed, so terrible a weapon in skilful hands that some modern writers, and amongst the rest, if we are not mistaken, Dr. Franklin, have maintained that it was to be preferred to the ordinary musket. It was lighter, it was more readily discharged, it admitted of more certain aim, and its range was not much less. Even now, when the bow is a mere toy, an arrow may be sent upwards of three hundred yards; and in early times, when the art was more fully studied, six hundred yards was occasionally reached. On the other hand, the penetrating power of the arrow is inferior to that of a ball, the wound given is less severe, and damp weather relaxes both the bow and the string.

A sort of intermediate position between the bow and the cannon is occupied by a class of weapons of which Greek fire was the earliest, whilst cacodyl is the latest development. Greek fire is supposed to have been a preparation of naphtha, though it is not improbable that rockets were often compounded with it. Cacodyl is a fluid of the most frightful qualities. It is alcohol in which the oxygen is replaced by arsenic; and, if a sufficient

quantity were enclosed in a glass ball, and the ball were dropped by any means between the decks of a ship, or amongst the stores or shipping of an arsenal or port, it would not only set on fire everything near it that would burn, but would evolve clouds of white arsenic, which no one could breathe and live. Besides this terrible agent, Mr. Scoffern hints at the possibility of converting the gas-pipes of a besieged town into a mine of fire-damp, or into a channel for the diffusion of poisonous gas through every quarter of the city. Balloons provided with the glass shells to which we have referred, might be most formidable to a besieged town or hostile army.

Such weapons as these are hardly suited to our habits either of fighting or of feeling, though it is more easy to sympathize with than to justify the distinction between poisoning people with a chemical compound, and tearing them to pieces with fragments of iron and lead. The greater part of Mr. Scoffern's book is very properly devoted to the more orthodox modes of destruction, and one of the most interesting of his discussions about them is that in which he states the theoretical grounds of the limits and conditions of their efficiency. It constantly occurs to ordinary newspaper readers, when they see accounts of monster guns and enormous mortars, to ask whether there is any reason in the nature of iron and gunpowder why you should not make a cannon as long and as large as the Monument, and discharge a ball of any size to any distance. The answer appears to be that as to the size of the cannon itself, and consequently as to that of the ball, there is no limit at all, except that which is implied in the difficulty of casting masses of iron of more than a very moderate thickness without imperfections of various kinds which would burst the gun when fired with an enormous charge of powder.

The largest cast iron guns ever made as yet have been 10 inch long guns and 13 inch mortars. The Mersey Iron Company lately presented to the Government a wrought iron gun of immense size, which has, however, according to Mr. Scoffern, met with indifferent success. An immense mass of wrought iron is apt to crystallize under the force of very heavy explosions. The huge mortar just manufactured by Mr. Mallet carries a shell weighing, when charged, a ton and a half, and 2 feet 6 inches in diameter; but it is formed of a great number of concentric rings, artfully fitted together, and composed partly of wrought and partly of cast iron. The limit of the distance to which a ball can be carried is determined by two principles, each of which is curious, and, though obvious enough when stated, they are frequently overlooked. In the first place, the resistance of

* *Projectile Weapons of War and Explosive Compounds.* By J. Scoffern, M.B., late Professor of Chemistry at the Aldersgate School of Medicine. Third Edition, revised. Longmans. 1868.

the air to the passage of the ball increases more rapidly as the speed of the ball increases, than the speed of the ball itself. So that if an enormous initial force were brought to bear on the ball at first starting, it would encounter so immense a resistance that the total result would appear to be inconsiderable. The part played by the resistance of the air in arresting the progress of a ball may be inferred from the fact that a projectile, which in our atmosphere ranges little more than two miles, would, *in vacuo* have a range of more than sixty. The other curious principle connected with the subject is that the efficiency of an explosive compound depends rather on its elasticity than on its disruptive power. Elasticity is the gradual progressive development of force, and if a compound expends the whole of its force at once, it does not produce anything like the effect which would follow upon a more gradual evolution of force, though the explosion might be less powerful. Fulminating silver, for example, would be a very bad substitute for gunpowder, even if any cannon could be found which would not burst to atoms on its explosion. The difference is like that which every one knows to exist between the efficiency of a single violent blow and a succession of smart taps in driving a nail into a piece of wood, or between a blow from the fist and a push from the hand in removing an intruder from his place. These considerations show, amongst other things, that it is impossible that immensely long ranges should ever be attained by increasing the initial force of a projectile, or by using explosive compounds stronger than gunpowder. Such results can only be obtained, either by the principle of the rocket or by the diminution of the resistance of the air by means of proper alterations in the forms of projectiles. The longest shot ever made was, according to Mr. Scoffern, something more than four miles. The projectile used was a shell filled with lead, which was fired from a fifty-six pounder gun.

Of cannon themselves, and their various forms and purposes, Mr. Scoffern has a great deal to say. Those which involve the most curious principles are Carronades and Paixhan's guns. Carronades—so called from the Carron foundry, where they were first cast—were known on their first introduction into the navy as smashers. They are short, large, and very thin, and the charge of powder is very small. The consequence is, that they carry large balls at low velocities, which, instead of penetrating the timbers of an enemy's

ship in a clear hole, as balls fired at a high velocity will do, fracture, splinter, and beat them in, as might be the case with a battering-ram. Paixhan's guns are of very large calibre, and are made to fire shells either loaded with gunpowder only, or as in the French service, with gunpowder, pitch, and other combustibles; and it is supposed that by their use the destruction of ships would become a matter of frequent occurrence in naval warfare. In the last French war, no English or French line-of-battle ship was actually sunk in action, though the number of shot which they received was occasionally prodigious. The *Foudroyant* alone fired 2758 cannon balls into the *Guillaume Tell*, when the guns of the two ships were almost muzzle to muzzle, and two other vessels took part in the action, yet she was not sunk. At Sinope, on the other hand, where the Russians had shell-guns and the Turks had none, the whole Turkish fleet was destroyed. The great American frigates, the *Niagara* and the *Merrimac*, are armed with guns constructed on this principle.

Rockets form a sort of auxiliaries to cannon in warfare. They are distinguished by several most remarkable peculiarities. They destroy not only at the conclusion, but throughout the whole length of their course, and are very much more portable than the lightest kind of cannon; but, above all, they generate their own propulsive force during their passage. Mr. Hall introduced a great improvement into their construction, by dispensing with the stick which, in Sir W. Congreve's invention, was appended to them. He also invented a plan by which they might be adapted for naval warfare. He proposed to fix a bent tube to the ship's side, in such a manner that the rocket would emerge from one end, whilst its back fire (which has hitherto been the great obstacle to its employment by ships) would rush out at the other in the same general direction.

Mr. Scoffern has a chapter on rifles which is curious and interesting, but the subject is probably already familiar to most of our readers. We may, however, observe that he states that certain percussion shells invented by Colonel Jacob were independently discovered before Colonel Jacob's invention, by Captain Norton. They are most deadly implements, and would be especially useful in exploding ammunition waggons. We may add that Mr. Scoffern expresses great admiration for the new Enfield rifle, which, as well as the revolver of Deane and Adams, he seems to think approaches practical perfection.

From the Economist, 10 April.

THE FRENCH ALLIANCE: ITS CHARACTER, ITS VALUE, AND ITS PRICE.

"GOLD," says the proverb, "may be bought too dear." That is to say, even the most desirable acquisition may be the subject of a bad bargain. The object sought may be of the utmost and most unquestionable value; yet the cost at which we are called upon to purchase it may be altogether disproportionate. Either the article may not be quite genuine, or the price paid may be *unreasonably, immorally, or unnecessarily* high. The thing gained may be not exactly the thing bargained for;—we might have got it cheaper; we may give more for it than it is worth; or we may give for it what we ought not to give for any object whatsoever.

Scarcely any estimate of the value of a real alliance between France and England can be too high: scarcely any price can be too great to pay for its attainment and consolidation. By a real alliance, we mean a genuine, unforced, spontaneous union;—a connection not only dictated by community of temporary interests, but cemented by cordiality of feeling, by a conscious sympathy in the same noble and unselfish aims, and by an essential agreement in the great principles of policy;—a friendship which, springing from similarity of wise pursuits and purposes, is only fortified and secured by difference of native character, and does not need to be fostered like a hot-house plant by all sorts of valetudinarian devices, to be fenced from every wind of sincere and hard language, and to be watered with the honey-dew of vapid and dishonest adulation. We mean an alliance which, being natural and not artificial, deep-seated and not superficial, *national* and not *personal*, shall be independent alike of diplomatic misconceptions, of mutations in foreign or domestic politics, of changes in the ministry of one country and in the dynasty of the other.

We can scarcely trust our imagination to dwell on the influence which an alliance of this nature between the two great Peoples which stand at the head of modern civilization would exercise on the destinies of Europe and the fortune and felicity of all other lands. We should become more extatic than would be seemly in sober politicians as we expatiated on the boundless consequences of such an unprecedented combination. The results would be such as to warrant any honorable outlay to obtain them. Two nations, unrivalled in wealth, and unequalled in the wide extent of their dominions; both consummate in intelligence, but harmoniously diverse in the characteristics of their respective genius; both endowed with wonderful energies, but varying in the objects to which those energies are habitually applied; the one essentially naval,

the other essentially military, but both at least the equals of any other State on either element; each so full of glory in its past history that to seek for added glory now would be mere greedy and silly surplussage; both having passed through so many phases of deep and sad political experience that they cannot but have learned at last wherein consists the true well-spring of a nation's happiness and grandeur; both old enough to follow substances and not to grasp at shadows; both having won the power to say what government will suit them;—of two nations, thus constituted and thus allied, what could resist the silent, easy, inevitable influence for good? Interference with others would never be needed: remonstrance and advice, even, scarcely ever. What despotism could live in juxtaposition with such a mighty and diffusive atmosphere of freedom? What intellectual darkness must not be penetrated by the neighborhood of such lambent and irradiating light! What barbarities could continue to be perpetrated in the face of two such frowning and grieving guardians of justice and advanced humanity! What social and spiritual torpor would not have its slumbers broken by the intense and abounding vitality of two such united embodiments of Progress! We should become at once the arbiters and mediators throughout the world—not by our own intermeddling desires, but by the law of inevitable necessity. No war could take place without our sanction. Oppressors would not dare to call down our displeasure. Revolutionists and insurgents would not need to resort to their desperate and doubtful remedies for wrong. If their schemes were unwarrantable or unprovoked, they would feel that our disapproval made them hopeless. If they were too well justified by unendurable oppressions, they would feel that our intervention with their tyrants would render their conspiracies superfluous. In short, we should be, by the very force of our union, our position, and our characters, the peace-makers and beneficent watchmen of the world.

But in order to produce these Utopian results, it is obvious the alliance must be one of Nations and not merely of Governments: the two peoples must be heartily united in feeling and in purpose,—and the Rulers must be at one with the nations, must truly represent their sentiments and express their will. Now, as regards England and France at present, it is questionable whether either of these propositions can be said to be strictly true. We hope and believe the two nations are *ripening* for such an alliance as we have depicted: we do not think they are *ripe* for it yet;—and, in the absence of such ripeness, we have—perhaps unavoidably—been compelled to put up with a union far less perfect, and, therefore,

far less profitable and beneficent—with an alliance in a great measure personal rather than national. The alliance has been imperfect—inevitably imperfect—for several reasons. In the *first* place, the old traditional notions of the relation between the two countries, though dying out, are far from dead—especially in France;—and these traditions are those of rivalry rather than of friendship. Nor are we by any means certain that the Crimean war did much to promote a cordial and confiding attachment between those who were comrades in that deadly struggle. Certain occurrences, never publicly stated and to which we do not wish more particularly to allude, left us in rather a sore state of mind at the rapacious and unscrupulous vanity of some among our allies. In the *second* place, the cordiality which springs from consentaneous political sympathies has been wanting. There are, indeed, *sections* of the French people whose tastes and principles on the great questions of Government and Law are similar to ours; but unfortunately France is split up into sections. As a nation—as a *whole*—France can scarcely be said to have any distinct or settled principles of domestic policy. It has not made up its mind on these questions. It is divided into majorities and minorities which differ irreconcilably—not, as among us, regarding Conservatism and Progress, regarding Whig and Tory rule, regarding the precise rate and degree in which the popular element is to predominate, but—as to Republicanism or Empire, Absolute or Parliamentary Government, a free or a fettered Press, a Bonaparte or a Bourbon Dynasty. Thus,—we do not speak at all by way of reproach or of complaint, but simply as drawing attention to an indisputable fact—thus, till France has finally, and by a permanently and vastly preponderating majority, made up its mind as to whether its political institutions shall be Imperial or Free, our alliance with the *whole* nation can never have the complete and secure character of cordial friendship we have described above, or be attended with the results we have foreshadowed. Our only choice lies between an alliance with a section of the Nation, and an alliance with the Government for the time being.

In the *third* place, though we fully believe the real *interests* of the two nations to be harmonious and generally identical,—though it concerns both that the conquering and oppressive tendencies of the Eastern despotisms of Europe should be curbed,—though it cannot but be annoying and injurious to both that neighboring countries should govern so brutally and stupidly as to keep their subjects in a chronic state of ebullient irritation, and to communicate the disturbance to our own shores,—and though the prosperity of

one country is the best assistant to the prosperity of the other, and the connections between their industrious citizens have become so close, so multifarious, and so complicated, as to render peace a necessity to both,—yet the characteristic views and sentiments of the two peoples are still widely different, and the desires and notions of the two Governments by no means always in unison. They form ideals of human progress and felicity and dreams of national grandeur not altogether similar, and are disposed occasionally to press forward to their realization by measures which could scarcely be made to work smoothly with each other. Still, in the agreement of our substantial interests and our more usual aims, there is ample basis for a sound and loyal alliance; and in the absence of a spontaneous and deeply-woven friendship between the *Nations*, a close and honorable connection between the *Governments* is well worth having;—only we must not rashly pay down for the second a price which we might not perhaps have held excessive for the first. The latter is worth much:—the former only is worth almost anything.

Now, the point to which we are desirous of calling the attention of the English people is, that our alliance of late has been—to a great extent, we admit, unavoidably—with the Government rather than with the Nation—with the Emperor rather than the Empire—with Louis Napoleon rather than with France;—and, further, that, in the value we have set upon the alliance and the price we have paid for it, we have somewhat lost sight of this material and weighty fact. There is no indelicacy in stating the fact openly; for, in the first place, the Emperor himself has on more than one occasion pointedly reminded us of it, and intimated that we were indebted to him for repressing and soothing the unfriendly feelings which existed towards us among portions of his subjects; and, in the second place, the thing is too obvious and notorious to escape the most casual observer. That Louis Napoleon has been far more straightforward, frank, and reliable in his communications with us, and almost always in his dealings towards us, than any of his predecessors on the throne, is a fact which we cordially acknowledge:—whether he has always held the same language and put on the same face to both sides of the Channel is another matter, on which we will not enter here. But still the undeniable truth remains that, though chosen by that universal suffrage which the French have decided to adopt as the basis of their polity, he represents only the numerical and not the intellectual majority of the French people; that unfortunately all the eminent literary men and all the celebrated and experienced politicians of France

are opposed to his régime; and that the classes which thus stand aloof from him comprise precisely those parties whose opinions on nearly all the great questions of civilization are analogous to our own. Under these circumstances, then, it becomes a grave question whether we ought not more constantly to have kept these facts in view, and to have regarded our alliance with Louis Napoleon, important and sincere as it has been, as one the significance and value of which was to be carefully measured by the degree in which it carried with it the consent and sympathy of the permanently powerful elements of the French Nation.

So much for the specific *character* and *nature* of our alliance with France:—the price paid for it we shall consider in our next number.

From The Economist, 17 April.

THE VALUE AND THE PRICE OF THE FRENCH ALLIANCE.

In our last number we pointed out the real nature and extent of the existing alliance between France and England, and expressed an opinion that these had too much escaped the attention of the British Government and the British people. It appeared that the friendship had become—perhaps unavoidably—rather *governmental* than cordially, spontaneously and universally *national*, and perhaps also more *personal* even than purely *governmental*. We might add that this character had on more than one occasion been somewhat ostentatiously given to it or avowed for it by the language of the Emperor himself, and confirmed also, perhaps more than was desirable, by the frequency of confidential communications between the two Courts, and occasionally by the speeches of eminent politicians on this side of the water. Louis Napoleon has hinted more plainly than became the head of a great nation that *he* was our especial friend in France—that *he*, rather than his people, desired and sustained the English alliance;—and it may be that we have acquiesced in this view of the matter more readily and fully than was perfectly prudent or sincere. To a certain extent, indeed, we must (as we have already explained) admit the fact that the friendship between the two nations has not been quite as unforced, deep-seated, cordial, or universal as we should desire:—of this regretted imperfection, incurable differences of character and traditions must bear the chief blame; but the Emperor is answerable for much of it, and we ourselves are not wholly innocent.

Such as the alliance is and has been, however, we acknowledge it gladly and we value it highly;—and we have only to inquire whether we do not pay and have not paid for

it a price that is neither wise, dignified, nor necessary. Our opinion is that we have purchased it at a cost which has impaired its character and hazarded its permanence, which has not been serviceable to our own reputation, and which was at the same time quite unnecessary.

In the *first* place, then, our national tendencies and sympathies are well known. We are no friends either to despots or insurgents. We hate tyrants cordially, but we hate anarchy still more. When the choice of a neighboring nation appeared to lie between the two evils, we felt in no degree inclined to wonder at or blame their decision in favor of (at least temporary) arbitrary power. It was not for us to pronounce a dogmatic opinion on the manner in which the French chose to settle their own difficulties. They installed a Dictator, or something very like one;—or they suffered him to install himself. The course which we ought to have pursued, it seems to us, was very clear. We could not pretend to say that we approved of a despotism *per se*—but it appeared that our neighbors did; and all that was left for us was to accept their choice, to welcome the new monarch to his throne, to regard him as the exponent of the national will and the conductor of the national relations. He was *de facto* Sovereign; he had been named by the vast numerical majority of the voting French people; he was the Chief of a nation with which we had long been in alliance; and as such we were bound to establish relations with him at once polite, frank, and loyal. This we plainly owed to France, which had elected him. But what we owed to ourselves, at least as plainly, was that this frank and loyal courtesy should be allowed to ripen and to warm into cordial and affectionate admiration *only as far and as fast as his policy turned out such as we could honestly and righteously approve*. We were bound to acknowledge him and be friends with him, as with every other French Sovereign who had preceded him, because he was the ruler and representative of a friendly nation;—and inasmuch as he was more loyal and straightforward in his intercourse with us than his predecessors had been, we were bound to more cordial reciprocation. But we have done more than this. We have—that is, too many of our statesmen and writers have—taken every occasion to load him with flattery which was either excessively lightheaded or extremely insincere. We have received him with a welcome which has been offered to no other Royal visitant. We—a constitutional people—have lavished on an Emperor who had destroyed the constitutional liberties of his subjects, attentions such as we never bestowed on a Constitutional King who had

granted and respected them. And when he was angry and irritated—naturally and justly—we have stooped to soothe him by language of fulsome adulation which sounded marvelous from English lips. No one has been more guilty in this matter than Lord Derby, Mr. Disraeli, and Lord Malmesbury.

The mistake of all this is obvious, and the mischief has been serious indeed. It has worked threefold harm. Our politicians cannot have learned to respect themselves more for the extravagant eulogies they have heaped upon a Ruler who, great as we admit his sagacity and ability to be, differs from them fundamentally in his principles of Government, and in his own country habitually tramples upon all those liberties which they profess to hold most valuable and most dear. Assuredly they have taught foreign nations as well as the object of their praises to respect them less; and their good sense can only be vindicated at the expense of their sincerity. But this is by no means the worst part of the evil. Our proceedings and our language have alienated all those sections of the French people in whose eyes Louis Napoleon is either a usurper or a military despot. It has especially irritated and disgusted the Parliamentary party in France, whether Republican or Orleanist. Now we fully admit, and we admit it with regret, that the latter party at least, when in power, did not treat us well. Neither their monarch, nor his family, nor his favorite statesmen always behaved like loyal, generous, and honourable allies. They were at times far too ready to quarrel (or to threaten quarrel) with us for the poorest and meanest personal considerations. We could neither respect them nor trust them as we fain would have done. Still the important and indestructible consideration remains, that in this party English statesmen find their closest analogues, their most competent appreciators, their most sedulous imitators. Whatever the grasping errors of their foreign policy, whatever the occasional obliquity of their dynastic or personal intrigues, the Parliamentary statesmen of France are always laboring to assimilate the institutions of the two countries, and in such gradual assimilation lies our best ultimate hope of that thorough mutual *national understanding* which is the only sure basis of a cordial, deep, and lasting alliance—of such an alliance as we last week endeavored to delineate and extol. An alliance between two free and constitutional Governments is strong because it is natural; and its strength will enable it to bear much coolness and to recover from many shocks. An alliance between a free Government and a despotic one, however sincere and however cemented by similarity of interests and consentaneous-

ness of foreign policy, can never be other than imperfect and one-sided; and its artificiality compels it to have recourse to bulwarks and to shelter, to careful words and courteous gestures, with which a more spontaneous friendship could well afford to dispense.

Moreover, it is impossible to believe that the existing régime in France can be the permanent one under which that energetic and restless nation will consent to live. A Bonaparte dynasty might well enough establish itself in France, since both the others are so deeply discredited, and since a Republic is the dream and the passion of so few. But a system of Government that can live only in *vacuo*—on which the healthy fresh air of discussion is not to be allowed to blow—which exists only by the suppression of civil rights, of municipal action, of free election—which repels from it all able, eminent, and celebrated men, by exacting from them conditions which they cannot with honor and dignity subscribe—a system of Government, in short, which lives a life of precaution and of fear, cannot be immortal. Sooner or later, it must concede constitutional liberties, or be destroyed by the growing discontent of the people it has deprived of them. Sooner or later, it must attract to it, on their own terms, the real grandeurs and reputations of the nation, or it must undergo the fate of all dynasties from which the respectability, the genius, and virtue of the nation obstinately stand aloof. Sooner or later, in some form or another, by peaceful concession or by revolutionary violence, a free Press and Parliamentary Institutions must be re-established in France. Is it wise, therefore, in us so to act and speak that, when that time comes, we shall find all the chiefs of the tribune and the press sore, angry, and mistrustful? Is it wise, in a word, so to ally ourselves with a passing phase of Government in France, as to excite the enmity of its future and more permanent development?

Again. By the line we have taken and the language we have held towards Louis Napoleon we have precluded ourselves from exercising that influence over his domestic policy which we might have done. At first at least, if not throughout his Imperial career, our friendship was more necessary to him than his was to us. There can be no doubt that for a long time he felt this strongly; and he obviously recognizes it still whenever untoward circumstances recall it to his mind. In 1851 he was an adventurer—a successful one, no doubt, and an able and courageous one, but still an adventurer. He was still unrecognized in Europe; and for a while it seemed questionable whether he would be recognized. We promptly and un-

hesitatingly accepted him as the accepted Chief of the French nation. We were the first to waive cavil and chicanery, and to acknowledge his title-deeds at once; and by thus acting, we set the example to other States, and, as it were, confirmed him on his recent throne. We were the first, as became our position, to admit him to the circle of Royal exclusiveness, and thus gave him currency among the Courts of Europe. Nay, more, by the exchange of visits and cordial civilities, our Court allowed acquaintanceship to ripen into intimacy; and the service that we thus rendered him in the eyes of his own subjects, as well as with the world at large, can scarcely be too highly estimated. Those enterprising, monied, and commercial classes, by whom it was especially important to him to be supported, saw at once how vast was the strength he gained by the closeness and cordiality of the alliance with England. The influence we thus merited and really possessed with him might have been turned to the best of purposes. It was necessary to him, and he would have bought it at almost any price. We not only asked no price, but we accompanied the gift with language eminently calculated to mislead him as to its value and our sentiments. We might have given it conditionally: we gave it unconditionally. We might, while granting our *alliance*, have made our intimacy and cordial countenance depend upon and proceed *pari passu* with the extent to which he continued to his subjects such *realities* of representation and free speech as might be found compatible with safety and with order. Instead of this, with a lavish and thriftless generosity we have showered intimacy upon him daily more and more, while daily he has been rendering the few liberties which remained to Frenchmen more and more shadowy and circumscribed. It would be hard to prove that, of all his various measures for discountenancing Protestantism, for repressing thought, for destroying municipal action, for reducing Senates and Chambers to a mockery, we have manifested our dissatisfaction with a single one by even so much as a passing coolness or a casual frown. Whatever he has done—whomsoever he has proscribed—how many soever the journals he has seized or suppressed—whatever the flimsy pretexts on which he has dismissed honorable and eminent professors from their posts—our language has been still the same:—he has still been “this great man,” “this wise and sagacious statesman,” “this eminent and firm ruler.” In our reckless adulation, we have thrown away some golden opportunities.

Lastly, our alliance with the Emperor of the French has had the unfortunate effect of hampering, modifying, and emasculating

much of our foreign policy. In our anxiety to preserve the connection, it is to be feared that we have occasionally lost sight of the chief objects for the sake of which that connection ought to have been valued. The position of Louis Napoleon, in reference to surrounding countries as well as to his own, was full of difficulties. By embracing his close personal friendship we made ourselves sharers in his difficulties. He was a despotic Chief who had risen to power by the defeat of an active and resolute political party at home. His victory dispersed the leaders of that party, who, of course, found refuge and sympathy in other States enjoying free institutions and admitted independence. Between him and these States, therefore, arose a somewhat complicated and not wholly secure or tranquil relation. They were all inevitably placed in a *quasi-hostile* position towards him—the position, namely,—while avowedly and sincerely friendly to France and the French alliance—of entertaining and sheltering the enemies of the French Emperor, and allowing them to preach and write against him. Thus, against Belgium, Sardinia, Switzerland, and ourselves, he has had an apparent grievance; and our friendship has induced us—as we have just seen—to admit that it is a grievance, and to make an anomalous endeavor to remove it; and by implication at least, if not almost by connivance, to sanction the use of language towards these offending States which, under other circumstances, this country would have been the last to countenance. Had we been wholly unfettered by our alliance, we should scarcely have admitted the reproof to the Belgian Press administered at the Conference of Paris, nor have looked without disapproval on the remonstrances addressed by Louis Napoleon on the same subject to Sardinia and Switzerland. To the hampering influence of the Imperial connection also we owe the undignified character and the damaging failure of our own remonstrances with the Neapolitan Government the year before last. Our original intention, we can scarcely doubt, was to have interfered by some positive and decided action when our friendly remonstrances were set at naught. But the French occupation at Rome stood in our way. The Emperor had joined us in the representations we addressed to Ferdinand, but he could go no further; for the Government of Naples, though so bad and brutal that we decided we could no longer sanction the residence of our Ambassador at so uncivilized a Court, was scarcely worse than that which was forcibly upheld by the troops of our Imperial Ally at Rome. And when Louis Napoleon was thus obliged ludicrously to stop short, we were too closely linked with him not to have to

stop short too. The result was that the two greatest Powers in Europe were baffled, defied, and laughed at by one of the poorest and the worst.

In conclusion. While regretting the imperfect and in some respects unfortunate character of the alliance subsisting between the two countries, we should not be insensible to the value it still undoubtedly possesses. And, while seeking to maintain and confirm it, our most earnest endeavors should be directed to effect such a change in its essence as shall best ensure its permanence and enhance its value by broadening the basis on which it rests. If it can be made the instrument of preserving the peace of Europe, of quelling at the outset those international disagreements which might otherwise ripen into

quarrels, of spreading the knowledge and the appreciation of free institutions and just laws in every country, and of discountenancing oppression and encroachment throughout Europe, it is worth any conceivable effort and any honorable sacrifice to maintain. If, on the other hand, it shall be found that its chief effect of late has been, *first*, to support and promote in a neighboring country a line of domestic policy which it is impossible we can heartily approve; and *secondly*, so to hamper and complicate our own foreign policy that we can neither say the thing we ought nor do the thing we would,—then we are guilty of the fatal error of sacrificing the end to the means, and to continue longer in such a false position may redound neither to our honor nor to our profit, nor to the benefit of the commonwealth of nations.

THE imperial library of Russia has just received a most important addition to its valuable collection, in the palimpsests, which were brought from the East to Germany, a few years ago, by Professor Tischendorf. There are in all seventeen MSS. some of which, it is true, consist of only a few sheets. There is one of eighty-eight octavo sheets, with the text from the Pentateuch, written in the fifth or sixth centuries; another of twenty-eight quarto leaves, with fragments from the New Testament, written in seven different handwritings, principally in the fifth century, but partly in the sixth and seventh. Two other palimpsests, consisting of six and three quarto sheets, contain fragments of Isaiah and the Book of Kings, of the seventh and eighth centuries. Eight leaves in Greek handwriting belong to a hitherto unknown work of the fifth century. Those parchments, which have not only been used twice, but three times, are extremely interesting, amongst which is one of twenty-three leaves, a Græco-Slavonic palimpsest, which has been first twice written over in the Greek, and, lastly, in the Slavonic character. Another contains three successive Greek writings, one over the other,—the first in uncial writing, containing the Pauline letters; the second, in beautifully written minuscule text, gives passages from the history of the Apostles; the third is a hymn, written between lines of musical notes. Another palimpsest is perhaps more important still: it is in fifty leaves, and is supposed to be a very early Syriac translation of the Evangelists. The only leaf which has as yet been deciphered, is from the Gospel of St. Luke, and is perfectly accurate in the translation, although it does not agree with any known rendering. There is also an Arabian MS. of

seventy-five leaves, with the oldest Arabic text of the Pauline letters; it is supposed to be of the eighth century.

SOME experiments lately made by M. Piasse, a French chemist, have led him to conclude that the difference observable in the color of the sea in different parts of the globe is owing to its holding in solution certain chemical substances. The deep blue of the Mediterranean, and Atlantic, he attributes to a combination of copper and ammonia. The pale green of others he ascribes to the presence of chloride of copper. M. Piasse hung from a steamer plying between Marseilles and Corsica, a bag containing iron nails and chips; on this bag being opened after several voyages, the nails were found to be covered with a layer of copper. The same experiment was repeated by Messrs. Duracher and Malagato, only that granulated copper was substituted for the nails. The result was that in this case silver, instead of copper, was precipitated. The same result followed a similar experiment made by M. Tuld in America.

THE King of Bavaria has just purchased, for £13,600 sterling, the library of the late well-known French oriental *savant*, M. Quatremère, whose death at Paris some months ago was announced in this journal. It consists of about 45,000 volumes and of 1,200 manuscripts. Amongst the books are many that are extremely rare; but the manuscripts, though valuable, are not very important. The University of Oxford, that of Berlin, and the Imperial Library of Paris, were all anxious to purchase the library; but the King of Bavaria outbid them all.

From Chambers's Journal.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AND RECOGNITION.

A SKETCH OF LITERARY HISTORY.

IN the latter half of the last century, the university of Leipsic was twice honored in a way that is seldom the privilege of the same seat of learning: in the year 1765 Wolfgang Goethe, and in 1781 Friedrich Richter, matriculated in it. No further merit, however, belongs to Leipsic, either in the case of Goethe or of Jean Paul. A striking parallel is offered in the academic lives of the two poets at the Saxon university. The son of the Frankfort patrician was designed for the study of jurisprudence, without either choice or opposition on his part; and with just as little personal preference the son of the widow of Hof was devoted to the study of theology. Both, at first, regularly attended certain lectures, rather, however, as critics than as students; both were accustomed, though yet mere lads, to regard themselves as equal to the men whom age and experience, office and distinction, had placed far above them, and to try their strength with every authority, fearless of an overthrow. Where is the wonder that the religious awe, with which they ought to have regarded such high dignitaries, had dwindled down to nothing? Both Goethe and Richter quickly separated themselves from all learned circles and companions, their original plans of study were abandoned, their intended professions—the law of the one, and the divinity of the other—were renounced in favor of a multitude of other objects; both worked hard in all directions, read books, and wrote poems, excerpts, and notices; neither of them received or expected any guidance from the university, but each labored, by rigorous self-culture, to lay the foundation of his own intellectual life. Both roamed the fields and the woods, had a seeing eye and a sensitive mind for the beautiful and the living, recognised the great and the whole in the minute and the particle; both greatly preferred the blue heavens, the misty heights at morning dawn, the green forest, and silent nature in her peaceful majesty, to the speaking professors on their wooden chairs, and the choking atmosphere and dust of a lecture-room: on which account both were regarded as bad students. When young Goethe returned to his native city, many a tongue was eager to defame him; and in whatever company he appeared, whispers began to circulate about him as a wild and riotous youth. The scandal-mongers of Hof acted in just the same manner towards Richter, when he fancied he could go on with his writing just as well at his mother's, as in Leipsic, where he met with nothing but hunger and hardship: for years he was regarded as a wild and unbridled gen-

ius. Twice ten years after wards, the best and noblest spirits of the time listen to the words of the sage of Weimar as to an oracle; and ladies of quality are found crowding the ante-chamber of the author of *Titan*, begging a lock of his hair.

In the features presented, Richter's residence in Leipsic bore a perfect resemblance to that of Goethe; in others, the most striking distinctions are apparent. The university men set up a loud laugh at the Frankfort freshman, on account of his old-fashioned wardrobe; but at the same time they secretly envied him for the large remittances and letters of credit with which he was furnished. Jean Paul met with no ridicule on account of his large wardrobe, but with plenty because of his poor and torn attire; instead of having credit at the bankers, he was only too happy when he could earn his dinner from day to day. Goethe took private lessons of painters and artists for recreation and pleasure; Richter gave them, "because the prison fare of bread and water depended upon them." From Oeser's studio Goethe sauntered to the drawing-room of the Breitkopf family, or gossiped at the Clavier with Corona Schröter, or dined and danced at the hotel at Dölitz with mine host's amiable daughter or wrote songs for Annette Schönkopf, and played them with her. Jean Paul lodged in an out-of-the-way garret, and the only visits he paid were to beg if they had only been successful! Bankruptcy was advancing with rapid strides upon the finances of the young theologian, every prop of his house was failing, the widow was alone with her infant children, and under the pressure of extreme destitution, wrote bitter lamentations. Fate seemed to have let her bloodhounds loose upon our hero. It was not that poverty which Horace admonishes the Roman youth to accustom themselves to look upon, which had burst upon him—

Angustam, amice, pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militia puer
Condiscat—

poverty not in the form of hardness and abstemiousness but in the shape of ghastly hollow-eyed destitution. He pressed his suit among the professors but the professors had amanuenses and *famuli*, native lads of the town, and most diligent attendants at lectures, whose exemplary virtues secured them the preference. The situations were few, and the applicants many. Strangers coming to Leipsic found the local charities reserved for local purposes.

The battle-field tries the quality of our armor. Weak souls bend before the first storm of adversity; not so, however, the brave spirits that have within them an unconquerable strength and freedom of will, and proud

hearts, that nothing can crush. Richter, perhaps, was fired with some thoughts of ambition when he exchanged the solitude of his quiet village for the driving bustle of Leipsic; dreamy fancies hovered round him when he was in company with distinguished men of science, and a gentle voice whispered to him that he would one day be as famous as any of them. The day of hope had dawned brilliantly on his horizon, but as rapidly as a dream its glow vanished before the rough realities of the world. Jean Paul was not disposed, however, to admit that evening had come down upon his soul. It is true, dark thoughts did at times steal upon him, but a livelier, loftier stoicism taught him to overcome them. He possessed a bold, elastic humor; and all his unsuccessful suits, vain toils, and thick coming misfortunes, he used to welcome with a quiet and severe irony. "Misfortune," he used to say, "is like a nightmare—the moment you begin to fight with it, or bestir yourself, it is gone. What is poverty? Where is he that complains of it? The pain is only like the piercing of a maiden's ears, in order to hang jewels in the wounds." A youth who feels and reasons in this way, and stude his reasonings with such poetry, will find or make a way for himself in the world. "Viam aut inveniam aut faciam!" as his motto expresses it.

He set out with the conviction that the only successful plan of resisting sufferings, destitution, and starvation, was downright uninterrupted work. He began, mindful of his maxim, by preparing for fight. He had now finally abandoned theology; literary labors must henceforth be the stay of his life. In his little bow-windowed chamber, the philosopher of nineteen thinks and writes night and day. The *Greenland Processes* are ready. The manuscript is taken to the nearest bookseller, and in an hour is returned to its author. A second, a third proposal, with like results. Now he goes about among the publishers, imploring them, as he had before done the professors, and with the like invariable refusals. How ignorant of the world this scribbler must be, to fancy that a publisher who knows what he is about, will, in circumstances so unfavorable to the book-selling craft—which indeed always exist!—undertake, as soon as he is asked, the printing of a work whose author has never been heard of, whom no one patronises, no one recommends! What prodigious assumption, too, to expect payment! If the work had been of a popular nature, and he had said nothing about twenty louis-d'ors, the case might have been different, but a book like that, and a price!

The *Greenland Processes* continued to wander from one office to another, from this city to that, their author having to solve the problem, whether it were possible to live upon

nothing, and how? At length a Potosi was discovered in Berlin: an adventurous speculator, Voss by name, purchased the right, for sixteen louis—a reduction of four from the twenty—of bringing Jean Paul into the market!

I scarcely know with what to compare the feeling of a young writer who holds his first printed essay in his hands: a joy, a pride overpowers him—an ecstasy that swells all the higher from the consciousness (whether he will confess it or not) that he has taken the first step towards immortality. The critics take care to dispel all such pleasing illusions. A letter from his mother did the work as effectually in the mind of the author of the *Greenland Processes*. The good woman, hearing that her son had published a book, began to believe it at last possible that he might actually produce a sermon; so she wrote to Friedrich, desiring him to come to Hof, where there was a chance of his being permitted to preach in the Hospital church. Such a proposal operated like a cold bath on any remains there might have been of the author's self-satisfaction. Jean Paul's answer shows he thought no better of his private critic than modern writers do of official reviewers. "What is a sermon," returned he, "but something every student can make and deliver. But do you suppose that all your clergymen in Hof can understand a line of my book, to say nothing of being able to write it?"

Unfortunately for Richter, the speculation Voss embarked in did not succeed: the *Greenland Processes* was printed but nobody bought or read the book. The world had something better to do; far greater trifles claimed its attention. The Cagliostroians and Rosicrucians occupied the attention of politicians; the fashionable world was just then horrified at the wife of one of the court-councillors passing the lady of the president without greeting her. In another rank, a dreadful tale was going the round of the tea-tables: the comptroller's wife, forgetful of her station, had given orders for a new velvet mantle with a broad fringe! A new actress had appeared in one of the theatres or some syren's bell-like voice was to be heard; to-day there was to be a procession, and to-morrow a deserter was to be shot. How, in the face of so many comedies and tragedies, could time or inclination be found for reading the *Greenland Processes*? Just as the public ignored the works, so did the critics. Editors and reviewers disdained to notice a writer who had neither contributed to nor corresponded with them. A solitary scribe in Leipsic condescended, with an undisguised sneer, to notice the work in these terms: "Much, perhaps all, the author has written with great bitterness against literature, theology, wives, coxcombs, etc., may be true, but we have no

doubt whatever that the attempt at wit, which is evident on every page, will excite disgust in the mind of the rational reader, and lead him to throw the book aside with contempt."

A potosi of sixteen louis-d'ors is very soon exhausted; a fresh shaft must be sunk. The *Selections from the Papers of the Devil* was tried; but Voss declined the publication, vehemently protesting that he had suffered quite enough loss by the *Greenland Processes*. The manuscript travelled over all Germany, and from every journey returned with the invariable reply: "We thank you for your esteemed offer, but regret that our time and resources are fully engrossed by other undertakings."

A ship is dashed to pieces on a rock; the crew are drowning; boards and planks, spars and masts, are drifting about amid the waves; from the surging flood a hand is thrust up; it grasps a beam, and holds fast by it, and the elements lose one of their victims. The demons of the sea are laughing; sure of their prey, they mock the struggle of the swimmer: "Look, poor wretch; stare your very eyes blind; wave your white signal in the wind, and burst with your wail of anguish: but no sail comes in sight. Tremble, and say your last prayer, if you can; for see, there swims the shark: a moment, and all is over with you!" The situation has often been represented in smaller or larger paintings: it was the situation of Richter. He had shouted himself hoarse, and the only answer to his cry had been the murmur of the waves; he had looked himself blind, and the white sail—the letter that announced the acceptance of his manuscript—had never hove in sight. The shark swims towards him—the prospect of disgrace and destitution! Are his lips uttering their last prayer? No! Richter will fight with the shark for life or death.

Weeks and months rush past us like the wind; we see not from whence the whirlwind comes nor whither it goes. A morning chases away the evening; to-day replaces yesterday; we complete another year, we know not how, we whose lives are happy, or even tolerably so. But the poor, the unfortunate? Time flies with rapid wing over plenty and enjoyment, but slowly the days and hours of poverty drag their lengths along. In winter, spring is longed for on account of its lengthening days and greater warmth; in summer, the shorter days of autumn are looked forward to, which yield a few hours more rest to the weary body. In this manner, during his three years' residence in Leipzig, Jean Paul told off his evil hours and dreary days; he deluged the journals and newspapers with essays and treatises, wrote verses to order, also congratulations, and wedding-eve jokes, and filled whole chests with the extracts he

had made from borrowed books. By this means, indeed, he became possessed of a library, for books he did not possess. A vehement, but yet measured, heat burned within him. Necessity and destitution had lost their sting for him; he has looked despair in the face, and found that it has nothing maddening for him. His philosophy consoles him with the assurance that hunger and nakedness, perils and contempt, yea oftentimes the cross and the poisoned cup, have been the reward the world has given for wisdom. In all ages and countries the world has neglected its benefactors and persecuted its poets and instructors: Roger Bacon and Galileo pined away in the prisons of the inquisition; Torquato Tasso was confined in the cell of a madhouse; Camoens died in the streets of Lisbon, a beggar; and Burns, a thorough-bred steed of Phœbus, was compelled to drudge all his days in the gear of a cart-horse. But the gold that is thrown into the hottest melting-pot comes out the purest, and the canary-bird sings all the sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage.

Jean Paul betook himself to literature, in the first instance, as the only means of providing himself with a living; he wrote in fact, to get money—to live. In the further prosecution of this course, the material aim gradually began to disappear. Jean Paul will labor on, and think and feel, and will still demand, and at length receive recognition; literature ceases to be a means, and becomes an end with him; the struggle for existence merges in a struggle for recognition.

Many years ago, at Paris, in the early dawn, a young man was discovered hanging under the eaves of a house, close by the trellis of a window. A thin silken cord tightly twisted round his throat, had done the hangman's work. The scene quickly attracted all the curious and the idle. The noble, aristocratic features of the dead, the delicate white hands, plainly shewed that the unfortunate man had at one time occupied a higher position than the tattered clothes in which he was concealed would lead one to suppose. His person was searched for papers that might throw some light upon the event; nothing was found however; he had kept everything to himself like a true philosopher. Passers-by at length identified him. This suicide in rags was one of the most distinguished and brilliant geniuses of modern French literature, whose wit threw every saloon and boudoir into ecstasy—Gerhard de Nerval. In order that he might live, he also had grasped the pen, and had looked hopefully forward to recognition and distinction. He had been living a long while dissatisfied and miserable; by night, he roamed through the streets of the great city like a runaway dog; his desk and seat

were the table and bench of the commonest tavern; he frequently sought sleep and oblivion in the most wretched dens, side by side with thieves and the most reprobate of beings, the scum of humanity. Thus had he been thrust about till, all hopes being now at an end, he bethought him that dying was perhaps a little better than living. He had looked for a home, and now the great quartermaster, death, had at length assigned him an abode.

Whatever may be thought of this suicide, it is unquestionably the nobler heroism which enables a man to endure, without rest or weakness, to the last. That Jean Paul, in his darkest hours when crushed to the lowest extremity by the miseries of the world, never lost faith in himself, never listened to the gloomy tempter, but "laughed so long in the face of fortune that it began to smile upon him in return"—this indeed commands admiration as a rare and worthy heroism.

He left Leipsic in 1784, and went to live with his mother in Hof: here he found a night's lodging, at least free of cost, and here he could go about without being pointed to as a beast broken loose from a menagerie, when he walked the streets without a wig, with open breast, and no neck tie. In this respect, the people of Hof were more tolerant than a certain Leipsic *magister*, who—probably not remembering how the cynic, Diogenes, in tattered garb, had trodden the pride of Plato under foot—had written to the wigless and collarless youth in peremptory terms, demanding the immediate discontinuance of the public nuisance.

A student has to accommodate himself to his needy circumstances as well as he can. "Nowhere," as we read in Richter's own day-book, "does one collect poverty's siege-coins more merrily and philosophically than at the university. The academic citizen proves how many humorists and cynics Germany contains." But it is doubly painful when the man of mature age has to pass year after year enduring the same, or it may be even greater hardships; of this Jean Paul had a torturing experience after his settlement at Hof. On the posts of his doors he wrote in large characters: "Dear christian friends, you perceive that I have not much money, what inference do you draw from it?" On passing the door, one entered a narrow chamber; at the window, sitting on a wooden stool, was our hero, thinking and laboring; the rest of the apartment was occupied with the washing his mother had taken in. At another time, the mother is seen busily plying her distaff. An account of what that mother and son earned in this

way was carefully kept; a little account-book, relating "how much we gained by spinning," has been preserved. According to this, the receipts of the family, in March 1793, amounted to 2 florins, 51 kreutzers, 3 pence; in April, to 4 florins, 3 kreutzers; in May, to 4 florins, 9 kreutzers, 3 pf., etc. etc. Against the entry of 2 florins, 1 kreutzer, the sum received in September 1794 it is observed that, on the 9th of this same month of September, a new pair of boots was purchased for the youngest son Samuel, "which cost 3 thalers, about the whole quarter's income.

A writer will be pardoned for anything but tediousness. I fear I shall become tedious or, shall weary the patience of the reader, if I devote one page to tell how the tears of Richter's mother fell down upon her web or into her wash-tub—how affliction and silent grief preyed upon the heart of the aging woman like a gnawing worm, as her first-born son, whose laborious industry she watched, began to sicken; the lion who fought with royal courage became a lamb; her son had discontinued his usual and regular walks, his pleasure in life seemed to be extinguished, and the mirthful sally with which he used to deal out consolation was silent; the gentry of Hof affirmed that he was half-crazy, and the judgment was rapidly and universally endorsed.

His quietness, however, which pained his mother, was not an unstringing of his spirits or the submissiveness of despair, nor was his resignation the coldness of apathy; he had made a bargain with the longings of his heart, had made his peace with the world. Agony has ceased to make him complain. "There is not a case in which I have not deserved my affliction. Every unpleasant sensation is an indication that I am untrue to my resolutions. Epictetus was not unhappy." What does it matter to him what may be the opinions of his worship the mayor, or his reverence the parson? "Men for the most part judge very pitifully; why are you so anxious for the praise of children or of fools? No man honors you in a beggar's coat; be not therefore proud of the respect that is shewn to your clothes." How just! Wo to the man who has no appeal from the judgment of the world! he is a lost man! "Let one," as a certain critic remarks, "observe the public in a theatre: the life of a man is here compressed within a period of three hours; it is played upon the open stage with brilliant lights and with all the appliances that human art and oratory can suggest to render it clear and simple, and still, after the curtain falls, how diversified are the opinions the public pass upon both the hero and the play."

But now let it be supposed that the drama is not concluded in three hours, but that it lasts during a man's whole lifetime, that it is not represented with any effort towards clearness, that upon many episodes no streams of gaslight fall, and that we have no clue to many situations, no motive for many actions; and that the world or the critical public during the representation is occupied in divers ways, bestowing its attention for a moment now here, and now there. Where is the wonder, then, if that world condemns where the drama cannot be reviewed according to the common gauge of the three Aristotelian unities, but must be measured by its own particular rules—or, metaphor aside, when the object of criticism is a man of original genius and character?

The soul of the Doric hero rose all the clearer and more unconquerable from the depth of its sorrows and oppressions, its humiliation and deprivations, after the twelve labors. The angry goddess is appeased; on

Cæta commences the apotheosis of the son of the gods. For Jean Paul, also, the hour strikes when the inexorable forces of destiny at length cry "Hold!" In the year 1796, the startling story of *Hesperos* issued from the little washing and spinning chamber: it obtained for its author, in all the states of Germany, that for which he had labored—recognition. "What a god-genius," writes the octogenarian Gleim, "is our Friedrich Richter! Here is more than Shakspeare, I say to myself, in more than fifty passages I have underlined. I am perfectly enraptured at the genius from which these streams, these rills, these Rhine-falls, and these Blandusian springs issue and irrigate humanity, and if I am displeased to-day at some sentences such as the muses have not inspired, or even with the plan itself, I shall not be so to-morrow."

The fight for existence and recognition is fought out; sunshine breaks through the clouds; henceforth the star of Jean Paul shines brightly in the heavens.

THE "SIMPLICITY OF YOUTH."—Nevertheless, as we have hinted, the lad was by no means the artless stripling he seemed to be. He was knowing enough with all his blushing cheeks; perhaps more wily and wary than he grew to be in after years. Sure, a shrewd and generous man (who has led an honest life and has no secret blushes for his conscience) grows simpler as he grows older; arrives at his sum of right by more rapid processes of calculation; learns to eliminate false arguments more readily, and hits the mark of truth with less previous trouble of aiming and disturbance of mind. Or is it only a servile delusion, that some of our vanities are cured with our growing years, and that we become more just in our perceptions of our own and our neighbor's short-comings? I would humbly suggest that young people, though they look prettier, have larger eyes, and not near so many wrinkles about their eyelids, are often as artful as some of their elders. What little monsters of cunning your frank schoolboys are! How they cheat mamma! how they hoodwink papa! how they humbug the housekeeper! how they cringe to the big boy for whom they fag at school! what a long lie and five years' hypocrisy and flattering is their conduct to Dr. Birch! And the little boys' sisters! are they any better, and is it only after they come out in the world that the little darlings learn a trick or two?—*The Virginians*, No. 6.

THE subscriptions for the Luther monument in Worms, the execution of which has been confided to Reitschel, of Dresden, amounts now to fifty-one thousand four hundred and two florins, out of which four thousand four hun-

dred and forty-eight have been given by royal houses. Only one-half of the sum required for the completion of the work has as yet been collected, but large donations are expected from America, England, and the Protestant kingdoms of Europe.

THE artists of Dresden, in imitation of those of Munich, have just held a magnificent fancy-dress carnival ball, at which the King and royal family were present. All ladies and gentlemen who had reached the age of fifty were allowed to appear in ordinary evening dress, with the addition of a peculiarly shaped cap, invented for the occasion. No masks or dominoes were permitted. During the evening a telegraphic message was despatched to Munich, where a similar scene was going on—a greeting from the Dresden artists to their Bavarian brethren, with a hearty cheer for King Maximilian. This was read aloud in the ball-room of the Odeon in Munich; and after the lapse of an hour a return message was received in Dresden, bringing thanks and hearty good wishes from the King and artists of Bavaria to those of Saxony. The invitation card to the ball was composed by the well known artist, P. Ludwig Richter.

CHILDREN QUICK OBSERVERS. — Children are quick observers, and when they perceive they are first thought of, their wants constantly attended to, and their comfort made of paramount importance, it is by no means surprising they should thus early imbibe the highest opinion of themselves. The feeling, so far from wearing off as their years increase, deepens and expands, till self is the all-important subject of their thoughts.

From Chambers's Journal.

SCIENCE AND ARTS FOR MARCH.

AMONG the Friday-evening lectures which have been delivered at the Royal Institution, there is one especially worthy of notice. Those lectures by the way, are more or less popular expositions of the progress of science, highly interesting to those who have the good fortune to hear them; but the two in question are of the kind not easy to be followed by a general auditory. Neither can we do more here than make brief mention of them; but that will answer our purpose of recording the advances made by science. One on "Molecular Impressions by Light and Electricity," was by Mr. Grove, who is well known as a philosophical savant of a high order; and it demonstrates that the science of molecular physics, though rich in results gained within the past fifty years, is yet richer in promise for the future. In the case of light and electricity, their effect on bodies with which they come in contact depends on the molecular structure of those bodies. "Carbon, in the form of diamond, transmits light, but stops electricity. Carbon, in the form of coke or graphite, into which the diamond may be transformed by heat, transmits electricity, but stops light. All solid bodies (approximately speaking) which transmit light freely, or are transparent, are non-conductors of electricity, or may be said to be opaque to it; all the best conductors of electricity, as black carbon and the metals, are opaque or non-conductors of light." Every one knows the effect of insolation, or exposure to the sun, on colors and on plants—one is bleached, the other becomes green; and Mr. Grove thinks that had he given his lecture in the summer, he could have shown that it was really possible to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. The science of Laputa is therefore not all fallacious.

The old philosophers would have scouted the idea of the imponderables materially affecting the ponderables; but modern science finds reason to believe that all bodies are, in a greater or less degree, changed by the impact of light. Here a hygienic question comes into play, and an important one, looking at the registrar-general's bills of mortality, and the recently published report upon the health—or rather the neglect of it—of the army; and the means whereby barrack-life in England has been rendered more fatal than service in the field. Mr. Grove says: "The effect of light on the healthy growth of plants is well known; and it is generally believed that dark rooms, though well heated and ventilated, are more close or less healthy than those exposed to light. When we consider the invisible phosphorescence which must radiate from the walls and furniture—

when we consider the effects of light on animal tissue, and the probable ozonizing or other minute chemical changes in the atmosphere effected by light, it becomes probable that it is far more immediately influential on the health of the animate world than is generally believed."

Then, as regards electricity: gaseous atmospheres are changed by passing a current of electricity through them: letters cut from thin paper, placed between two sheets of electrified glass, leave an impression which becomes visible by breathing on them, or permanently fixed by exposure to the vapor of hydrofluoric acid: a proof that some molecular change is produced on the surface of the glass. In connection with these phenomena, Mr. Grove suggests an important application of photography to astronomy, derived from the fact that, by means of the electric lamp, photographs of the moon may be made to give an image six feet in diameter, with details and lights remarkably distinct. Observers, even with the best instruments, are always baffled in making out the minute features of a distinct object for want of sufficient light. Mr. Grove's suggestion is, that if a photograph of the object were taken, and illuminated indefinitely by adventitious light, the image might then be examined microscopically. "In other words, is the photographic eye more sensitive than the living eye, or can a photographic recipient be found which will register impressions which the living eye does not detect, but which, by increased light or by developing agents, may be rendered visible to the living eye?" There is something highly suggestive in all this; it creates quite a new world of thoughts concerning the operations of nature.

Mr. Lassell is finishing a forty-foot reflecting telescope, which he intends to take to Malta, and there devote himself to three or four years' observation of the nebulae. He has already explored the sky from that island with a twenty-foot reflector, and to good purpose; but we shall hear of yet greater achievements with the forty feet. As for little planets, they will soon become a drug in the astronomical market: the number is now fifty-two; and no sooner are they noted, than their orbits are calculated, and their movements accurately determined; and yet a certain rector in Saxony declares the Copernican system to be false, and maintains that the earth does not move round the sun.

There is something to record of photography which can hardly be described as otherwise than wonderful. It is a discovery made by that skilful pioneer of photographic art, Niepce de St. Victor, some four or five months ago, and now that there is no room to doubt, we give an outline of it. Mr. Grove

mentioned it in his lecture, as a striking example of the effect of light. Marvellous as it may appear, light can actually be bottled up for use. Take an engraving which has been kept for some days in the dark; expose it to full sunshine—that is, insolate it—for fifteen minutes; lay it on sensitive paper in a dark place, and at the end of twenty-four hours, it will have left an impression of itself on the sensitive paper; the whites coming out as blacks. If insolated for a longer time, say an hour, till thoroughly saturated with sunlight, the image will appear much more distinct. Thus there seems to be no limit to the reproduction of engravings.

Take a tin tube lined with white, let the sun shine into it for an hour, place it erect on sensitive paper, and it will give the impression of a ring, or reproduce the image of a small engraving and of a variety of objects at pleasure—feathers, figured glass, porcelain, for example. Take, moreover, a sheet of paper, which has been thoroughly exposed to the sun, seal it up hermetically in a dark tube, and the paper will retain the light so effectually, that after two weeks perhaps longer, it may be used for taking photographs. The Lord Chief Baron, President of the Photographic Society, in his recent anniversary address to the members, might well say of these facts, that “hardly any thing can be more extraordinary.” It is satisfactory to hear that the Society is flourishing, gaining strength as well as experience, fruits of which appear in their *Journal*.

Photography is now applied to the reduction of the Ordnance Survey maps for engraving; and as the officers of the corps of engineers are instructed in the art, a considerable saving of expense will accrue to the nation. Apropos of this subject, a commission has been appointed to take the Ordnance Survey, the scale on which the maps should be engraved, and other details, into consideration. The names of the commission—Airy, Wrottesley, Rosse, Brunel, Vignoles, &c.—are a guarantee that the service required will be well and thoroughly done; and for our part we cannot help hoping that no ignorant member of parliament will be allowed to set aside by a hasty vote the conclusions of men wiser than himself.

A paper by Captain Moorsom, “On the Practical Use of the Aneroid Barometer,” read before the Royal Society, is worth notice, because of its shewing that the instrument—the aneroid barometer—is still used and in certain cases with manifest advantage. Captain Moorsom used it in a survey for lines of railway in the interior of Ceylon, and found that up to about six thousand feet—the highest points of his survey—its indications might be regarded as trustworthy. As manufac-

tured in London, the aneroid presents an advantage over the French invention by the compensation for temperature which replaces the rigid bar of the index. The Marine Department of the Board of Trade have had the instrument under careful scrutiny for some years with a view to its employment for purposes of accurate observation. At present, it can only be regarded as a not very capricious journeyman to a mercurial barometer.

The Society of Arts announce their tenth annual exhibition of inventions for the month of April; and they offer a special prize of £20 and a silver medal, “for a writing-case suited for the use of soldiers, sailors, emigrants, &c,” which shall combine lightness with smallness of size, durability, cheapness, and “the avoidance (if possible) of fluid ink.” Mr. Crace Calvert’s paper “On Recent Scientific Discoveries as applied to Arts and Manufactures,” was especially interesting from its practical applications. Coal-tar has been of late a fertile mine of discovery to the chemist; and now from the alkaloids of coal-tar and from naphthaline, substances are obtained which, in dyeing, give a beautiful purple. They are called nitroso-phenylene and nitroso-naphthaline; and their color has the invaluable property known to economical housewives as “fast.” But this is not all; the coal-tar yields also safflower pinks and cochineal crimsons, with variations into violet, chocolate, and red; and here again the “imitation of safflower color stands soap and light, whilst safflower colors do not.” Next, we hear of “a magnificent crimson color,” called murexide, obtained from—the reader will hardly guess—from guano! This remarkable result may be said to have been initiated by Prout’s discovery of purpurate of ammonia in the faces of serpents: hence years of patient research by the expertest of chemists have been spent in working it out. And for green, dyers are no longer to be dependent on combinations of blue and yellow, but on a substance new to the English market, imported as “green indigo,” from China, and in the use of the green coloring matter of plants—chlorophyll, as botanists call it. This product is actually obtained from grass by boiling, and a course of chemical treatment which causes a green precipitate to fall. Another product is “patent gum,” also for the use of dyers, to be employed instead of the flour and other farinaceous substances which they now have recourse to for thickening their mordants, consuming annually hundreds of tons. “The patent gum is manufactured by adding to one ton of dry farina sixty gallons of buttermilk, and calcining the whole in the ordinary way.” Mr. Calvert further made public a process for preparing

sulphurous acid on a large scale without danger, at the rate of thousands of gallons a day if necessary; and he finds that sulphurous acid is an excellent refiner in the manufacture of sugar; and that if brewers will be careful to wash their casks and coolers with a solution of this acid, they will not have to complain of their beer turning sour. These instances will convey a notion of the nature of Mr. Calvert's paper, and show, moreover, what important practical and useful consequences may follow from refined and abstract studies. The philosophical chemist working out subtle conclusions in his laboratory, inspires the genius of application, and in due time commerce and the working population have a new resource. Twenty years ago, M. Gaudin shewed to the Academy of Sciences at Paris specimens of artificial rubies manufactured by himself; he has recently laid before them specimens of artificial sapphires.

The question of steel railway bars is still under discussion: iron rails wear out much too fast; but, except for the "points" or switches, the harder metal has not come into use. Some engineers contend that its introduction would effect a great economy, as is shown by instances of another kind. A peculiar sort of steel made in a puddling furnace is now used for steam-boilers, under the name of "boiler steel" and "homogenous metal." Made into boiler-plates, it is much lighter and stronger than iron; and having been satisfactorily tried on board a war-steamer, three sets of boilers for other government vessels have been constructed at Woolwich. Where quick action is required, the "homogeneous metal" has a decided superiority; moreover, it does not rust. We hear that the plates for Dr. Livingstone's steam-launch are made of it.—Concerning iron: at the last meeting of German naturalists, a piece of fossil iron was shewn; and a fossil tree, found in a floating island off the coast of Sweden, in which the minute cells were replaced by native iron. These are facts of high interest to geologists, especially the latter, as it furnishes additional evidence that iron is an aqueous deposit.

Professor Bailey (United States) brings forward new facts to shew that green-sand is a formation produced by shells of those tiny creatures *Polythalamia*; and in the course of the oceanic survey, it has been discovered that a similar formation is now going on at the bottom of the Atlantic, chiefly in the line of the Gulf Stream. Hence, like coral, green-sand is of organic origin. Another geological fact from the same quarter is that artesian wells have been bored by the army-engineers in the great arid plains between the Mesilla Valley and New Mexico, and with perfect success. When Congress

can be persuaded to vote a sufficient sum, wells will be opened all along the line of travel, and the "manifest destiny" will cease to fear perishing by thirst while accomplishing itself in that direction.

The culture of the vine—viniculture, as some call it—is spreading in the States. There are more than 2000 acres of vineyards in the neighborhood of Cincinnati alone; and Ohio now produces yearly 500,000 gallons of wine. The most esteemed grapes are the *Catawba* and *Isabella*.—The Academy at Paris offer a prize for an essay on "Experimental Determination of the Influence exerted by Insects on the production of Diseases in Plants." It is wanted for the year 1860.—The *zetout* eaten by the Arabs in Algeria, is found to be the bulb of *Iris juncea*, and fifty times more nutritious than the potato. The *Société d'Acclimation* have introduced it into France, and are trying to cultivate it to a larger size than it arrives at in African soil.—The council of the Royal Agricultural Society state in their Report just published that their last year's exhibition at Salisbury was "one of the most remarkable assemblages of live-stock ever held in this country." Chester is to be the place of meeting this year, and it will be characterized by the distribution of a considerable number of local prizes; among which are sums from £1 to £10 for dairy-maids and cheese-makers. The Society's Journal contains a continuation of Mr. Hensfrey's paper on Vegetable Physiology, and a report by Professor Simmonds on the Steppe murrain, or *Rinderpest*—the cattle disease which has for some time past been much dreaded by farmers and graziers. The author suggests an origin in the plague of cattle in Egypt, mentions the murrain of which nearly all the cattle in Charlemagne's dominions died in 810, treats of the symptoms and effects of the disease, and of the precautions to be taken to prevent its importation; and concludes by saying, that "no definite plan of treatment can be laid down, except it is that of supporting the fleeting vital powers while nature is attempting to rid the system of the poison, and then endeavoring to counteract the ill effects which ensue."

Dr. Stark's address to the Meteorological Society of Scotland bears encouraging testimony to the progress of the science of the weather north of the Tweed. The doctor believes that our prevalent winds have much more to do with the temperature of the island than the Gulf Stream has; he traces the phenomena of atmospheric waves, and discovers the storm period which is one part of their manifestations, from November to March inclusive. Storms, as experience shews, may be looked for about the 20th of November;

storms again in February; for the other months, the data are not yet fully made out. He recommends that a barometer should be set up at every fishing-port, under charge of one person competent to note its indications, and advise fisherman accordingly. A fall always tells the passing or approach of the hollow of the atmospheric wave; and it is the hollow, and not the crest, which brings storm and tempest. He touches, too, on the theory of storms, and with a practical application to the seas around our own coasts, and to the Atlantic; we quote the passage for its obvious utility: "As our winter-storms," says the doctor, "seem to be chiefly dependent on an atmospheric wave stretching in a line from north-east to south-west, and moving with very great velocity from the north-west to

the south-east, all our great winter-storms will come in the direction of the line of that wave—that is, either from the south-west or north-east. If the mariner, therefore, with a falling barometer, finds the wind setting in from the south-east, and as it increases in strength, veering towards the south, he may expect the storm to burst over him from south-west. If, on the other hand, with the falling barometer, the wind sets in from the south-east, and as it increases in strength, veers towards the east, then he may expect the storm to burst on him from the north-east. In both cases, therefore, he will be brought most speedily out of the storm if he put the head of the ship to the north-west. In every other direction he would only be driving before the storm."

JUDICIAL DIGNITY IN LOUISIANA.—Speaking of Grand Juries reminds me that the Parish Court is now in session here, his Honor Kiah Rodgers, presiding—old Kye, or "Ky," as they usually call him. Old Ky was passing sentence on a criminal, and delivered himself as follows:

"Prisoner, stand up! Mr. Kettles, this Court is under the painful necessity of passing the sentence of the law upon you, sir. The Court has no doubt, Mr. Kettles, but what you were brought into this scrape by the use of intoxicating liquor. The friends of this Court all know that if there is any vice this Court abhors, it is intemperance. When this Court was a young man, Mr. Kettles, it was considerably inclined to drink; and the friends of this Court know that this Court has naturally a very high temper, and if this Court had not stopped short off, and stopped the use of intoxicating liquor, I have no doubt, sir, but what this Court, sir, would have been in the Penitentiary or in its grave!"

Another case was before the Court. An overseer, who had been discharged, brought suit against his employer for the whole year's wages, alleging that he had been discharged without sufficient grounds. "Old Ky" charged the jury as follows:

"The jury will take notice that this Court is well acquainted with the nature of the case. When the Court first started out in the world, it followed the business of overseeing, and if there is any business which the Court understands, it is hoeses, mules and niggers—though the Court never overseed in its life for less than \$800—and this Court in hoes-racin' was always naturally gified; and this Court, in running a quarter race whar the hoeses was turned, could allers turn a hoes so as to gain fifteen feet in a race; and that on a certain occasion, in the parish of West Feliciana, it was one of the conditions of the race that Ky Rodgers shouldn't turn nary one of the hoeses."

Another case was up, and two lawyers got into a fight—one of them a preacher of our

church. Old Ky called hastily for the Sheriff—"Mr. Sheriff! Mr. Sheriff! Take them men to jail! I'll be hanged if this Court will have her dignity insulted in this manner."

THE Government and wealthy inhabitants of the Republic of Chili many years ago decided that a work called *Historia Fisica y Politica de Chile*, should be published, and they subscribed liberally to it. Up to the present time, twenty-four volumes have been produced, and eight of these are devoted to history, eight to zoology, and eight to botany; they are accompanied by two large volumes of maps and illustrations. M. Gay is the author of the work, and it has already cost him eighteen years' labor. Volumes on the geography and ethnography of Chili have yet to be published, and they will complete the work. The *Historia* is a very creditable production in itself, and does high honor to Chili.—*Literary Gazette*.

THE division of labor is fatal to art. Each flower, each leaf, each limb and feature on a Sévres vase, is painted by a different hand, and by this means great correctness is indeed attained; but the subtle feeling which ought to quicken the whole conception is lost, and the vase, with all its finish, is inferior as a work of art to a pipe-clay Majolica dish. We are, therefore, sorry to see that the engravers on wood are organizing a system by which each block passes through the hands of a vast number of workmen. One cuts the sky, another the landscape, another the stems of the trees, another the leaves, another the faces of figures, another the drapery, and so on. This will inevitably reduce wood-engraving, which is, perhaps, the most capable of any of producing broad artistic effects, to a mere mechanical handicraft. It is not thus that the immortal works of Albert Durer, or the bold designs of Schnorr, were produced.

From The Saturday Review.
EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS.

THE editor of the *Mémoires du Roi Joseph* has commenced a publication of scarcely inferior bulk, and which promises to be of yet greater interest. We allude to the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Eugène Beauharnais*,* the Viceroy of Italy, whose character has been so calumniously assailed in Marmont's posthumous memoirs. The editor guarantees that the vindication from these attacks, which M. Tascher de la Pagerie published in the *Moniteur*, and which the Paris tribunals have confirmed, will meet with yet fuller corroboration in the sequel of the work of which the first volume is now before us. It will be completed in six or eight. The opening pages of these memoirs are from the pen of Prince Eugène himself, but unfortunately they are a mere fragment. We are promised, however, another portion of autobiography with reference to the campaign of 1809. The correspondence with his Imperial step-father fills about half the volume. The remainder is taken up with historical *resumés* of intervening events (so as to connect together the correspondence) from the pen of the editor M. Du Casse. These appear to us to be very indifferently executed. We think compression might have been studied with advantage. Life is short, and whatever may be the interest attaching to the career of Prince Eugène, it is not without some little apprehension that we look forward to the task of wading through eight octavo volumes. We must not, however, be querulous, for the correspondence is exceedingly interesting, and we only hope the remainder may be equally so. We should add that the present volume brings the narrative down to the end of 1805. The publication will be continued at intervals of a month.

The *Memoirs of Prince Eugène* have some of the interest, and yet more of the dulness, peculiar to State Papers. Those of Count Miot de Melito,† to which we next invite attention, possess attractions, not, indeed, of so high an order, but of a more popular character. His name will be familiar to many readers, not only from his translations of Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus, but also from the numerous references to, and extracts from, his journal, which were published in the *Mémoires du Roi Joseph*. To

* *Mémoires et Correspondance Politique et Militaire du Prince Eugène*. Publiés, annotés et mis en ordre par A. Du Casse, Auteur des "Mémoires du Roi Joseph." Tome i. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

† *Mémoires du Comte Miot de Melito (1788-1816)*. Tomes i. ii. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

that King, or shadow of a King, Miot was attached, both at Naples and in Spain, by the ties of office and of friendship. He had an excellent habit of jotting down at night every thing of note that he had heard and seen or done during the day. A copy of this journal was found among Joseph's papers. But the work before us has higher claims to our attention. From these Ephemerides, Miot composed a more finished set of memoirs. The manuscript came into the hands of his daughter, and is now given to the world by his son-in-law, General Fleischmann, formerly Minister of the Court of Wurtemberg at Paris. It extends over one of the most exciting periods in the history of modern Europe, 1788-1815. Miot did not die till 1841, so that he had ample leisure to give to the composition of these Memoirs all the fruits of calm reflection and experience. Seldom has a work of the sort been written under better auspices, inspired by loftier feelings and sounder judgment, or published at a moment more opportune. In the present aspect of our relations with France, we follow the author with some interest to the camp at Boulogne, and read of the preparations there made for the "audacious descent" on England. The whole scheme, however, is represented by M. Miot as nothing but a stratagem of Napoleon's to lull into false security his Continental foes. There are some exquisite passages in these two volumes, describing the author's interviews with Napoleon. Never did that extraordinary man's character come out in such vivid colors as in these conversational outbreaks; for unlike his descendant and successor, the first Napoleon did break out in real earnest. The reader may judge for himself on this matter by referring to vol. i. 89, 163-166, 195, 311, 359; vol. ii., 153, 215-220, 296. What will M. Villemain say to the following character of his friend Fontanes:—"Adulateur imperturbable de tout ce que fit, de tout ce que voulut Bonaparte, tant que cet homme extraordinaire tint le sceptre dans ses mains, il mit et le corps qu'il présidait et la nation au nom de laquelle il parla souvent, aux pieds d'un maître absolu dont il déserta la cause dès que la fortune l'abandonna." One of the most marked features in these volumes is the contempt, if not the hatred, which Napoleon felt for his family in general, and Joseph in particular. Miot, or to call him by the title which Joseph gave him when King of Naples, the Comte de Melito, had frequently to act the part of a pad or buffer, to prevent a collision between the two brothers. A third volume of these Memoirs is in the press.